

# THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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## Chapter Seven The blackberry patch

NAN ADDINGTON sat in somewhat gloomy state in the attic. Mr. Perry Earlwood had been as good as his word, and his bundle of books on small fruit farming had arrived; but even the optimistic Nan had toiled through them blankly and now sat gazing at them blankly. Fruit farming done as books advised required money.

"Money in lumps, real capital," Nan groaned with conviction. It was no wonder that her mother and Wood had been content merely to toil along in the strawberry garden by rule of thumb. It was the only possible thing to do, and they and Nan too would just have to keep on doing it! There was no hope of a college career's ever being gained from the study of Mr. Earlwood's books, which airily mentioned five thousand dollars as a starting point. "Mother never even saw five thousand dollars," Nan moaned despairingly. "I don't suppose she's even made enough this summer to let me have French classes; I'll just have to go on in ordinary school with these girls who don't want to know anything! I don't see—Goodness, Lil, what's the matter?"

"I've been looking for you everywhere," Lil panted indignantly as she climbed the garret stairs with Billy at her heels. "I've something perfectly wild to tell you. Listen, Nan. Cousin Adelaide's arranged it with mother, and I'm going to New York with her next week! And you're going to have extra French and prepare-you-for-college classes with that Professor Halam mother couldn't afford last year!" "What?" said Nan and cast Mr. Perry Earlwood's books into a heap. "Yes, yes, yes! Isn't it too perfectly lovely and beautiful and sublime for both of us? I could dance with joy."

"It's—unspeakable!" Nan took a long breath. "Dance, I should think so! So could I. Let's jig!" And the two solemnly did a breakdown while Billy shrieked with excitement.



Nan gave one gasping sob and then ran

DRAWINGS BY S. J. ROSENMEYER

## THE STRAWBERRY GIRLS By Helen Milecete Duffus

"Cousin says that I'm to have classes, too, in New York and that there will be plenty of girls and lots of fun for me, even though I'm not out," Lil panted as they both dropped exhausted on a trunk. She continued after a moment: "Mother thinks it's a splendid chance for me, and she hopes it will do me good."

"Of course it will," Nan fanned herself wildly with an old stove cover. "But you'll have a perfectly elegant time too. Only—O Lil, don't hate it here when you have to come back!"

"Lil's going to make a lot of money," Billy chanted suddenly.

"What?" said Nan. "Silly Billy, that's not what she's going for."

"It's in New York they do make it," Billy replied firmly. "Tony Velverton said his father got rich there all in one day. I don't see why Lil can't."

"My gracious!" Nan exclaimed. "Lil, where's mother?"

But Nan was gone before Lil could answer. Every sign of exultation had vanished from her face. The extra classes, the French—she could not have either of them; she could never be out all day if Lil were in New

York and Rose were gone away and her mother were left alone to do all the housework and the washing, not to mention herding Billy.

"Mother, I can't," Nan burst into the living room. "I don't even want those classes. I mean you—you couldn't do it all alone without Rose!"

Though the words were incoherent, Mrs. Addington understood.

"Oh, my Nan," she said chokingly, "you haven't heard everything. Rose is going to stay with us all winter; Cousin Adelaide has done that too. So you can have all your classes and know I'm having just a peaceful rest at home."

Nan flopped into a chair. "O mother, that's the best yet!" she exclaimed. "You don't know—I came down those stairs just now like a burst balloon! Do you think it's all a mistake? Where's Cousin Adelaide? I've simply got to thank her."

But there was more than thanking Cousin Adelaide to be done before Lil started for New York. A plain blue serge traveling suit arrived from a shop the name of which made Lil gasp; there were a hat, a pair of shoes, a coat and a new trunk with Lil's initials on

it; and, crowning wonder, there was a little fitted traveling bag. It was severely plain, but it filled Lil's cup of joy to the brim.

When her trunk was packed and her new pale blue dressing gown was laid in at the last moment, so as to be at hand when she and Cousin Adelaide arrived in New York, Lil sank on her bed and looked up at Nan. "You're not sad, are you, Nannie, that cousin isn't taking you to New York too?"

"Gracious, no! What put that into your head?" Both girls had their backs to the door and to the precious packed trunk, and if a small white object moved hastily between the two, they did not notice it. With a backward swing of her arm, Nan shut down the lid of the trunk and perched on the bed beside Lil. "I don't want to go to New York," she remarked.

"I'd like to see some of the sights, but I'd simply hate meeting floods of girls all dressed up and all strange. I'd truly sooner stay here. Hello, Billy, Lil's all packed. You're too late to help."

Billy sat down on the new trunk and was ordered off. "Cousin says girls can't go out alone in New York; I heard her telling mummy so," he observed. "They have to have a shangaroo! What's a shangaroo, Lil?"

Lil and Nan stared at each other blankly.

"Don't either of you know what it is?" Billy demanded. "Cousin said Lil would have one!"

"Chaperon, he means," Nan shouted. "O Billy, it's only a name for cousin!"

"Thought it was some kind of dog," Billy replied with an injured look and grasped the small black Doll, who had wriggled in after him. "Lil will miss you, Dolla-pup," he informed the little dog.

"Well, I won't miss the Boarder," replied Lil with some heat. "He jumped right on my chest in the middle of the night last week, and I nearly had a fit."

"Wonder where he is," said Billy idly. "Spect I'll go and see. He ate all Mr. Bowser yesterday, and cousin's going to send me a new one."



But at lunch it was a desperate Billy that burst in upon his family.

"Boarder's lost!" he gasped. "I can't find him, and I've been everywhere! I believe he's poisoned, or he's run over, because he doesn't come when I call!"

"O Billy, no; he couldn't be," said Mrs. Addington.

But Billy was certain, and by degrees his dark fears infected the family. Even Cousin Adelaide joined in the search; and Rose hinted darkly that the Boarder was not a lucky name and that she had always feared some disappearance that would never be explained. Search as they might, no bounding, fluffy-tailed little white dog was to be found anywhere, and even Nan abandoned the hunt and followed Lil to her room to gloat with her once more over her new belongings.

"Just like a trousseau, isn't it?" said Lil, smoothing her new dressing bag.

"Just," Nan replied. "Lil, I wonder if you'll see Nettie Yelverton in New York?"

"Nettie won't be in my set," Lil replied haughtily. "Cousin knows all the nice New York people, and the Yelvertons are just nobodies. Of course I won't exactly tell Nettie so—"

"Boarder," sobbed Billy outside the door; he was on his way to a fifty-ninth search of the attic. "O Boarder!"

"I think I'll have to go and help him," Nan said uneasily.

"Nonsense! Billy's just gone crazy! Boarder's down at the shore or out somewhere with Wood. He'll turn up. Don't you think I could just sail over Nettie a little in New York? She was always so horrid about our being poor and all the rest."

"She was," Nan agreed thoughtfully and then added suddenly: "Lil, I don't believe I'd say one word to Nettie if I were you. It doesn't sound nice somehow. I don't believe mother would ever do it."

"Do you mean I can't even tell her that cousin says she won't be in my set?"

"Not if you want to be like mother."

"O bother," Lil said grudgingly.

"Well, I won't then. Only I'd just love to take her down. She boasts so much. But I suppose I'd be boasting worse if I were horrid to her. O Nan, I feel dreadfully about leaving you, now that it's so close. Will you miss me horribly?"

"Yes," Nan's lip quivered. "But I won't think of it. O Lil, there are your new blue bedroom slippers; you never put them into your trunk! Goodness, I wish Billy could find the Boarder. Can't you think of anywhere I could look?"

Lil shook her head, lifted the cover of her grand new trunk and then stood as if paralyzed. Inside it, comfortably snuggled down on the precious new silk dressing gown and sound asleep, lay the missing Boarder!

"Billy," Nan screamed, "he's found! Boarder's found. Oh, don't, Lil," for Lil's hand was lifted to strike. "Can't you see he's quite stupid. He hasn't had enough air."

She seized the Boarder and, shoving him into the arms of Billy, who wept on the attic landing, sent them both down to Rose.

"My new things," Lil lamented. "They're ruined!"

Nan took a hasty survey of the trunk. "Nothing's hurt one bit," she replied. "Don't be silly, Lil; there's not a scrap of harm done. Thank goodness, you hadn't strapped the trunk for the morning and left the Boarder to smother!"

"It would have served him right," Lil replied wildly. "My new dressing gown's all crumpled and creased, and there are white hairs on it. I know Boarder's feet were all dirty, even if I can't see the marks of them. I just adored those things, and I hate dogs. Billy!" Lil opened her door and shrieked furiously down the stairs. "Billy, don't you ever let the Boarder come near me or my room till I've gone!"

"He wanted to go with you!" Billy's indignant shriek rose piercingly in answer. "He only just packed himself up. He was clever, and I don't see why you're so fearful cross!"

"Well, I do! My best things were almost ruined. I'll never let that dog even come near me again. I—"

Nan seized her forcibly and sat her down on her bed. "There," she observed firmly. "I said so; you're getting New Yorky and fussy already. Last week you would have just laughed because Boarder packed himself up,

and now you haven't even a thought of laughing. I know you've got to get grown up, but I don't see why you have got to get fussy and old. Supposing your things had been soiled, there's plenty of gasoline in the world; and anything would have been better than having Billy broken-hearted about a lost dog. For goodness' sake, lock your trunk and sit on it."

"I didn't think of Billy," Lil began slowly. But Nan had whirled out of the room and was on her way downstairs. "Wasn't it funny, Billy?" she cried, beaming at him where he was sitting on the veranda, watching the perfectly recovered Boarder, who was taking a resuscitating roll on a flower bed. "Fancy Boarder's being there all the time!"

Billy clutched her. "O Nannie, I was frightened, terrible frightened! I had a dreadful inside think about Boarder. I love you, Nannie, more'n tongue can tell!"

Back from the station that afternoon, Nan cast herself down on the top step of the veranda and gazed blankly at her mother and Billy. "I really feel as if I couldn't stand



Lil . . . lifted the cover of her grand new trunk

any more partings," she announced gloomily. "Billy, I hope if you or Doll and the Boarder intend to travel, you'll pack up and go away in the night so that I won't have to be harrowed by seeing you off. I've been doing nothing but say good-by all day."

It was true. Dick and Frank Allen had gone off with Johnston Earlwood by the first train that morning, and Cousin Adelaide and Lil had followed them in the afternoon. Nan had hoped that Cousin Adelaide's last glimpse of the house would be in the golden glow of September sunshine when the first torches of the maple leaves were lit and flaming; but a sea mist had turned everything dull and dingy till it seemed to Nan no pleasant memory to take away. Even Billy had said that coming home from the station was just like coming from a funeral, and Nan had had to set her lips not to agree. Lil had always been her best companion and playmate, and the sister who was left behind knew somehow that things would never be just the same again. After a winter in New York Lil would never be content at home.

"You mustn't even think it, Nan," Mrs. Addington said less gayly than usual, for her head ached desperately, and Rose had seen fit to console herself for being left alone in a house that felt horribly empty by cleaning the living room and driving her mistress to the damp veranda. "Cousin Adelaide can give Lil so many advantages, and I couldn't refuse them."

"I know," Nan began and stopped to point silently at Billy, who was sitting bathed in tears on the steps. "It's his Gold Thread book," she whispered. "He gave it to cousin for a parting present. Poor baby!"

"Oh, how could I be so stupid!" Mrs. Addington forgot her headache. "Fly, Nan, to my room for a parcel. Cousin left it to be given to Billy as soon as she was gone."

"For you, Billy," Nan cried, casting a flat square parcel into his arms a moment later. "Cousin left it for you; hurry and open it!"

Billy was speechless. Within the knotted string and the double wrappers lay the most wonderful thing in the world—a new Gold Thread book. In it were pictures and pictures, shining in blue and scarlet and gold;

even the cover was scarlet and gold, and Billy's old one had been only brown even in the days when it was new and his mother was a little girl. "O mummy," was all he could say. "I didn't know there was any Gold Thread book like this! And cousin has only got my old one!"

"That was what cousin wanted," Nan assured him, laughing. "Now come on, and we'll forget good-bys. I have to go and help Wood get seaweed for the asparagus bed, and you can help him bring it with your wheelbarrow. Want to?"

Billy had raced for his wheelbarrow already and in the joy of going off like a real man and conversing affably with Wood had almost forgotten his tears.

"I believe I'd like it, going out and doing a day's work," he announced that evening as he and Nan came into the house.

Rose had finished her cleaning, and there was a comfortable wood fire glowing in the grate in the living room; the old red damask curtains were drawn cosily across the windows, and the lamp burned brightly on a table all laid for supper. Best of all, their mother was placidly reading by the fire, and it did Nan good to see her just sitting there while Rose attended to all the things that Mrs. Addington had been used to doing herself. There were no half measures about Rose; once she took hold, her grip was steady, and no one could stop her from accomplishing her purpose.

"Blackberry day tomorrow," Nan said gayly. "Mother, you'll come, won't you? I wonder how much I'm going to make out of my own-money patch this year."

"Oh, I'll come," Mrs. Addington replied. Nan's own-money patch was a thicket of wild blackberries that she had discovered and cared for herself. Two years ago she had got Wood to cut away the undergrowth round it and to dig and manure the soil; and now the blackberry crop was far finer than any that her mother had ever seen, and the big luscious berries seemed sure to bring enough money for Nan's winter frock. "I think we'll take Rose too and make a day of it," Mrs. Addington suggested. "Billy, are you going to bring Tommy Yelverton as you did last year?"

"He won't come," Billy replied gloomily. "Tommy and me's had a fight. He said the Boarder wasn't thoroughbred, and he is too; he's a thoroughbred cur; the Magnet said so. And Tommy was awfully angry because I wouldn't swap my red aigine for his steamer that goes in water; and he went round the house where I couldn't see him, and he made the Boarder scream like being murdered by putting burs in his nice white tail; and Nan came out and said he was a nasty little boy and to go straight home. And then he was awful angry with Nan. He said he didn't want to help pick her sour old blackberries, and he was going to pay her back for calling him names."

"What a tempest in a teapot," Nan said scornfully. "I never called him any names; 'nasty little boy' was only just true. You'd better go over, Billy, and tell him to come tomorrow all the same."

"He won't, Nannie! He said he'd rather play with the village boys than me, and he isn't speaking to me."

"Well, let him," said Nan. "He'll get over it. We'll start right after breakfast without him. When we wake up it's going to be a fine day."

It was indeed a fine day; and by ten o'clock Billy and the Boarder and the small black Doll were heading the procession to the blackberry patch. Billy was almost hidden by his burden of empty baskets. Rose was laden with mysterious bundles of lunch the contents of which she refused to disclose to anyone. Nan carried two pails and a kettle. Only Mrs. Addington, who was the guest of honor, carried nothing—unless you counted a bottle of lotion for the wasp stings that Billy was sure to get.

The day was lovely with soft sunshine and exhilarating wind and just a hint of crispness. The sumacs waved their great plumes over the thickets of yellowing bracken as the expedition climbed the hill to Nan's blackberry patch; and Billy exclaimed suddenly:

"Looks just as if we were going to the King's Palace in my Gold Thread book, with all the leaves turned red and yellow like flags along the road! It's a lovely percession,

and I'm the music. You listen now while I sing!" He stumped ahead with his two small dogs, and his small voice floated back as he piped his "brave hymn":

"Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,  
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,  
They have conquered death and Satan,  
By the might of Christ the Lord."

Rose ran on and joined in the singing. Nan dropped back by her mother's side. "Funny little soul, Billy is," she said, smiling, "but he's dreadfully sweet, mummy! I wonder how much we'll get for my berries this year. There ought to be a great many more than we ever had, and I do need a new winter suit. I'd hate to go to all my grand classes in Lil's old one; the skirt's all wrong. And you'll have to have a new hat, mother; I saw one at Miss Hunt's that would just suit you. We've got to think of the Thanksgiving turkey too and get that, though it won't be a really gay Thanksgiving without Lil."

"Don't forget the Allen boys will be back for it!"

"Oh, I did! And I promised them they could come over and make candy. What color suit should I get, mummy?"

"You'd look nice in a good dark blue."

"I'm tired of dark blue; it's so useful," Nan replied rebelliously. "I'd like something light and extravagant, one of those lovely new pale fawns that won't wear!"

"Why, Nan!"

But Nan laughed in her mother's protesting face. "I know I can't have it, but I'd just love to. Are you tired, mummy? Because we're nearly there."

Goldenrod pranked the side of the road with lavish riches, and Nan stuck a bit of it into her sweater. Her mother slipped an arm through the girl's and, crossing a wide pasture, they came out into a mossy glade where sunshine fell through topaz birch trees. At the end of the glade rose a rocky bank up which lay the path to the blackberry patch.

The blackberry owners put down their burdens. Rose cleared the fallen leaves from the rocks where she always made her fire every year, and Billy was assuring his mother that they had passed the lion in the way all right, just as the beloved Eric had passed him in the Gold Thread, when Tommy Yelverton burst wildly out of the bushes and raced past him, followed by a rabble of village boys who were out of school for Saturday morning. Hot, dirty and disheveled, the whole party fled past the Addingtons and down the clearing toward home as if Billy's lion had been chasing them.

"Tommy!" Billy shrieked after him. "Stop. Come along and have lunch. We're going to pick blackberries."

Tommy did stop. "You go and look at your old blackberries, Billy Addington," he shouted. "You'll be sorry, you and your old sister! I said I'd pay her back for calling me names."

"What on earth does he mean?" Nan stood rigid. "Tommy, come here this instant!"

But Tommy and his friends had vanished. Nan turned to her mother. "Come and look, mother. I can't wait to bother with lunch. Rose can get it." And she was gone up the path that Tommy Yelverton had come down.

Mrs. Addington and Billy scrambled after her, and in front of the blackberry patch Nan and her mother stood agast. The berries that Nan had tended so faithfully were gone; most of the bushes were knocked flat and trailed free of berries; and on the ground, trampled wantonly, lay masses of black pulp that had once been the shining dark berries that were to enable Nan to buy a winter suit. Mrs. Addington stood staring at the ruined canes. It was Billy that broke the silence. "Tommy!" he cried, scarlet with fury, and his blue eyes were streaming with tears of rage. "Tommy did it; he said he'd pay Nan back!"

Nan never opened her lips. Dead white and choking, she only stared at the awful ruin. Their mother looked from one to the other and waited as speechlessly as Nan. If they were angry, so was she, but there was no good in talking about it. She put her arms round Billy as he crept to her for comfort.

Nan gave one gasping sob and then ran. Through her once-cherished blackberry patch and up into the wood above them she fairly flew. She wanted to be anywhere out of sight before she expressed her anger at one spiteful little boy. Her mother's new hat was gone, her own suit, everything unless—

"I could go and tell Mr. Yelverton what Tommy's done and let him pay for it," she cried and clenched her teeth where she lay buried in the golden bracken. It would serve Tommy right, and she would have her



money, but—"I can't! I can't!" she exclaimed in sobs that she could not control. Whatever she was fighting she fought alone. When she came back to the others she was quiet, though her eyes were red; but the zest of the day was gone. Rose lamented over the almost untouched luncheon and slipped away with Billy to pick

the berries on the one small clump of uninjured bushes that remained in the patch. "That's just nothing—" Nan began as the two returned with their harvest of two small baskets, but she could not finish what she had tried to say. Even the useful dark blue suit, quite beyond her reach, seemed a dream of joy now that she could not get it.

"I guess we can't have turkey for Thanksgiving," Billy said soberly, and the remark did not help matters.

"What are you going to do about it, Nannie?" Mrs. Addington asked. "Nothing," Nan replied slowly. "I thought at first—O mother, I thought I couldn't ever forgive Tommy Yelverton, though he is only

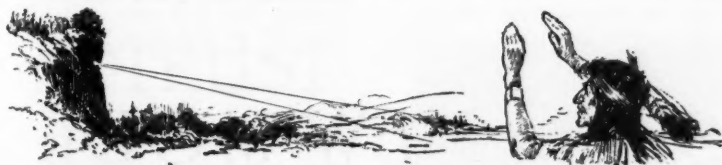
a child. You can't guess how I felt. Fifty evil spirits seemed to have got into me, and I just couldn't fight my awful temper. Till—till I remembered Billy's brave hymn; that was all!"

Nan's mother looked at her quiet face and thought that she had done a great deal.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE EYE OF THE MOUNTAIN

By Roe L. Hendrick



HIGH up on the bare granite face of the precipice at the left of the entrance to Cloverly Notch there was a spot that used to flash and sparkle in the sunlight; probably it flashes and sparkles still. But the Cloverly district school, where forty pupils formerly assembled, is deserted now, and few or none are left to watch the scintillations of the rugged cliff.

Julia DeForest named it during the winter that Benton Howard, who afterwards gained political distinction in the Northwest, taught the school. Mr. Howard was an excellent teacher of English composition and encouraged his older pupils to write original essays and stories. One Friday afternoon Julia electrified the school by her tale of The Eye of the Mountain.

The story was pure fancy, for till then no one had given the point of light a name or had more than idly wondered about the nature of it. The general belief was that it was a facet of smooth granite so situated as to catch the rays of the sun at an angle and reflect them as a flash of light; but Julia declared that the spot was a great crystal which the passage of a glacier during the ice age had bared and which the Indians had worshiped for centuries as the symbol of a god. She even identified their altar close to the spring below the notch and asserted that the ground in the vicinity still was black from the fires that they had kindled. The ground unquestionably was black there; the dark color of it had been caused by the countless camp fires of Indians and whites who had for ages found the spring a convenient stopping place.

The fact was well known, but there was something so alluring about Julia's tale that it affected the imagination of the entire neighborhood. The Lewis Courier published the story, and the point of light at once became known as "The Eye," and everyone began to speculate on what it might be. Some of the more imaginative even said that it might be a diamond of vast size and incalculable value, a theory that generally evoked a smile.

While the interest was at its height Mr. Howard took advantage of it for a practical lesson in advanced mathematics and by means of triangulations established the approximate height of the sparkling point. He found it to be 179 feet and some inches above the roadbed in the notch and a little more than eighty feet from the top of the cliff. "The Eye" was on a narrow ledge of no great length; above it the rock face bulged slightly, so that you could not see "The Eye" from the top of the precipice. Nor could you see it from the bottom. And at a distance even a pair of field glasses failed to show just what caused the flash.

With the close of school in the spring the matter seemed to lose importance, but late the following summer while John and Lyman Aldrich were out searching for some stray cattle they noticed the winking of "The Eye" half a mile away, and a daring idea occurred to them. "Let's find out what that thing is," John suggested.

"How?" his brother asked. "There's no such thing as climbing up to it. The Boisseau boys tried that, and Gene nearly broke his neck."

"I know; but we can get down to it! A rope ladder is all that we need."

"It would take a lot of rope."

"What we've got and what we can borrow over at Uncle Wright's will do. Will you try it with me next Saturday?"

Lyman said after a moment, "All right."

"Don't say a word to anyone," John warned him. "We don't want a lot of spectators to laugh at us if we should happen to fail—but we're not going to fail!"

Four days later, burdened with several coils of rope, the two boys made their way across lots to the notch and, passing through it, turned into the cart track that ascends the wooded mountain side in a series of loops. When they were halfway up the steep slope they heard footsteps and crept silently into a thicket of balsam firs. In a moment old Jud Pritchard appeared, closely followed by his dog Bose, and passed rapidly on toward the notch. The dog sniffed for an instant near the thicket but went on when his master sharply called him to heel.

"Old Jud is making one of his monthly trips to Lewis after supplies," said Lyman. "I'm glad that ugly brute of a dog is off the mountain."

"I hadn't thought of him," John remarked; "but I guess he doesn't ever come out of Pritchard's cove unless Jud's along." "Yes, he does too! Don't you remember when he killed Abel Foster's collie? Somebody'll put a charge of buckshot into that dog some day, and Jud will be the only mourner."

Bose was a big yellow mongrel of vicious temper and bad reputation, though he had a good nose for tracking coons. He was known to be dangerous alike to man and to beast unless his owner were at hand to control him, and even then the dog invariably growled and showed his teeth.

After following the track for a quarter of a mile farther, the boys turned from it and came out of the thick woods upon the more open shoulder of the mountain overlooking the notch. Passing from clump to clump of trees, they skirted the edge of the declivity and at last reached a point where they could look almost straight down into the road. By sighting across to a fence post that they had marked with a bit of fluttering cloth, they ascertained where "The Eye" was and

identified a tree that they had decided upon as an anchor for their ladder. It was a beech that stood about a dozen feet back from the verge of the ledge with the ends of several of its longer branches overhanging the two-hundred-and-sixty-foot drop.

The boys had not made a regular ladder with rungs; to have done that would have spoiled the rope for other purposes. Instead they had knotted two of the bigger ropes at convenient intervals for grasping and then had tied them together. The total length was a little more than a hundred feet. John was to use the knotted rope as a ladder and to steady his descent a smaller rope, tied round his waist and passed down hand over hand by Lyman.

They made one end of the knotted rope fast to the tree and, dropping the other end over the precipice, watched it slide down the granite face till it disappeared below the bulge. Lyman then fastened the smaller rope under John's arms.

"How much is there of this quarter-inch line?" John asked as he tossed his discarded coat into a crotch of the tree.

"Why, I didn't measure it, but it's longer than the two other pieces put together. It's strong too and will bear your weight if you should slip. I'm going to pass it round the trunk of the tree, so don't worry; you can't fall."

"I'm not worrying, but don't hold me back. I can go down pretty fast, though I may not be in so great a hurry coming back."

Thrusting a hammer under his belt, John swung over the edge. Lyman, standing where he could look down, barely kept the line taut; he allowed it to slip round the tree as fast as his brother's weight carried it down.

John descended the face of the cliff without touching the rock till he came to the bulge. There he rested for a moment and then, clinging to the knots with his hands and reaching for the ledge with his toes, lowered himself still farther. He had some difficulty in getting upon the ledge after he had found it, but at last he swung inward and, straightening himself with a jerk, stood erect; he merely clutched the knotted rope with one hand to maintain his balance. His perch was so high and dizzy that he did not

venture to look lower than the jutting ledge on which he was standing. The bulge that he had come over was about ten feet above him, and it did not overhang the shelf as it had seemed to do from above.

As soon as he had regained his breath he began to look for "The Eye." It was nowhere at his right, or at all events nothing was visible there that he believed could cause a reflection. He glanced to his left and then with a start looked more earnestly at a spot less than a yard from his feet.

There, caught in the cleft of the rock at the outer edge of the shelf, was half of a broken pint flask one glassy side of which was turned to the front of the precipice. John reached for his hammer, his first impulse was to smash the reflector, then he paused and laughed. Why put out "The Eye of the Mountain"? "This will be a good joke at Julia's expense and at mine too—if I ever tell it," he said to himself and returned the hammer to his belt.

"Lyme," he shouted, peering upward, "what do you suppose I've—?" He checked himself, for of course Lyman was not in sight, and the line was jerking spasmodically. John fancied that he could hear his brother's voice, though he could not distinguish the words. "Lyme," he called again, louder than before, "what's the matter?"

Beyond a doubt his brother had heard, for in a second or two there was some sort of reply, but the intervening rocks so deflected the sound that it was meaningless. Had the rope frayed or untied?

He seized it above the nearest knot and jerked downward several times. It seemed firm, and the cord round his waist had ceased to vibrate.

"John! John!" he now heard faintly, but what followed he could not understand.

After testing the rope repeatedly, he ventured to trust his weight to it and climbed back upon the bulge. There, looking straight up, he could see one of the boughs of the beech swaying and quivering. As others near it were not similarly agitated, he knew that the wind could not be the cause. Was Lyman up the tree, and if so why?

"Lyme," he shouted, "what is it? What's happened?"

"Look out! Don't come up—dog!"

"What dog? Has that Pritchard cur come back and treed you?"

Again all that John could hear was "dog" and "look out!" Evidently Lyman had not understood. John stared at the edge of the precipice high above him and hesitated. But he could not remain where he was. After a full minute he started to draw himself upward from knot to knot. The cord round his waist was now a hindrance rather than a help, for it hung below in a lengthening loop.

As he drew near the top he heard rumbling growls and an occasional hoarse bark. When he was just below the edge he paused and, securing his feet on the rope, cautiously raised his head above the projecting sod that capped the precipice. He saw Lyman sitting astride a branch a dozen feet above the ground and looking disgustedly down at a huge yellow dog, Jud Pritchard's Bose, which was leaping beneath him and doing his best to reach his dangling feet.

Well, to perch in a tree seemed far safer than to cling to a rope on a bare precipice! John glanced toward the nearest tree: it was fully thirty feet away at one side. Slowly he extended one of his hands and grasped a knot over the edge of the bank. He intended to leap and run the instant he could get a footing, but just as his waist was level with the top the dog saw him and with a snarl of rage rushed in his direction. So sudden was the attack that John had barely time to drop back out of the brute's reach.

"Keep him there if you can, John! Keep him there!" Lyman called from the tree.

John shouted as he slipped down, and Bose almost fell over the edge in his efforts to get at him. The dog's expression was so malignant that John could not help wondering what would happen if the beast should lose his footing and fall upon him.

John had barely time to drop back out of the brute's reach

DRAWINGS BY W. F. STECHER





Bose, however, had not completely forgotten caution in his rage. He stood at the verge, looking down at the boy and growling. While John was holding the dog's attention he noticed that the cord was rising rapidly. The next instant the dog turned and ran, snarling, toward the tree. Lyman had dropped to the ground and had seized and untied the cord; back in the tree again—only a few seconds before the dog reached the foot of it—he lost no time in drawing it up.

"What are you planning to do?" John called. "I can't hang here much longer; I'll have to go up or down."

"Let go of the cord and climb up to the top again," shouted Lyman.

When John looked over the edge a second time he found his brother pretty well out on

a big limb that overhung him; he was holding a coil of the quarter-inch line in his hands.

"Get him to rush at you," said Lyman. "If he'll only turn his back to me, I'll lasso him!" "Hi, there, you brute!" John challenged, and again Bose charged.

The noose dropped upon his back and fell just short of his neck, whereupon he leaped to one side and ran back toward the tree.

"Prod him up again!" Lyman called. "I wasn't quite far enough out that time."

John summoned his waning strength and raised his head and shoulders above the bank. The dog came up with a snarl, and Lyman dropped the rope square over his neck and with a jerk drew it taut. "I've got you! I've got you!" he shouted. "It doesn't make any

difference how you kick; you're going to come up here and swing!"

He dragged the struggling dog off the ground and left him dangling from the limb; then he hurried down to help his brother up over the edge of the precipice. When John had his feet on solid ground once more Lyman hastily drew up the knotted rope and suggested that they start for home.

"What, and leave that dog hanging?"

"Yes; hanging's too good for him!"

"But we want the line; it belongs to Uncle Wright!"

"Well, if we let the dog down now, he'll bite us."

"He's past biting anybody already."

"Do you think that he's dead, John?"

"He doesn't lack much of it. Untie the

knot!" They lowered the dog, laid the limp body on the grass and hurried away, carrying the line.

For several weeks they were uncertain of the fate of Bose, but late in September they saw him following his master. He did not even glance in their direction, and there was no sign of his former truculency. Evidently they had broken his spirit.

The boys had reached the notch on their return from the precipice on the day that they had solved the riddle of it before Lyman thought to ask John about "The Eye." When he had heard what it was he laughed and suggested that they remain silent about their discovery. They kept their secret well. In fact it was not until many years later that they told the story of their adventure.

## THE AMERICAN CONSUL - NEW MODEL

By Arthur B. Cooke

"K NOW ye," says the President of the United States as he signs his name and affixes the great seal of state to the consul's commission, "know ye, that reposing special trust and confidence in the abilities and integrity of John Smith, of Virginia, I have nominated and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate do appoint him consul of the United States of America."

It ought to be said here in the beginning that the days are past when the President's "trust and confidence" rested upon the tenuous basis of the candidate's political service. Those halcyon days of the ward heeler were folded into the pages of history by a certain executive order that made its appearance one summer's day back in 1906. That order decreed that henceforth all aspirants for the honor of being harassed by tourists, heckled by dead beats and worried by stamp collectors—all honors peculiar to the office of American consul—should be eligible for appointment only after passing an examination at the hands of the Department of State. The examination, it may be said, ranges in subject from the history of Abdul-Hamid to the habits of the hermit monks, and from the Argentine wheat crop to the Alaskan salmon pack—with political science, foreign languages, international law, the aurora borealis and the precession of the equinoxes thrown in for good measure.

"But why," asks some one who has got his notion of an American consul from Richard Harding Davis or O. Henry or perhaps from a trip abroad in the old days, "why on earth make so much fuss and feathers over a man who spends his time with his feet on his desk?"

Quite so indeed. Only, it must be related, that particular American consul, old model, is dead. The consul of the old régime is to-day numbered with the other "rare birds" of history, the dodo and the Aepyornis. In his stead there has come a type as different from him as the hydroplane is different from the Ichthyornis of cherished memory.

Verily with our foreign trade towering into the realm of billions, with our capital seeking outlet in the ends of the earth and with our "floating population" more and more

golf tournaments and business luncheons, he turns over the forms to his office girl, provides her with a rubber stamp of his signature and instructs her to open a broadside upon the consular service at large. The effort of the man has cost him in odd moments just half an hour of his precious time.

But he certainly wants to know. He asks among other things how many automobiles are in use in the consul's district; what makes are most popular and why; whether they are run by steam, electricity or gasoline and in what ratio; what sort of roads the district boasts—if it is of a boasting disposition; what the mileage of macadamized roads may be and what the mileage of plain mother earth is; what is the highest range of mercury in the district and the highest road gradient; what is the import duty on automobiles, and whether there is any antipathy to American makes? And he ends by asking how he can best corner the market in the particular neck of woods over which the consul presides.

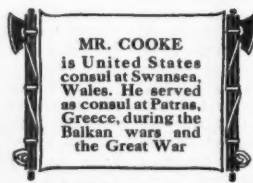
Now if that sort of letter, stereotyped and signed with a rubber stamp, turned up in the morning mail of any self-respecting business man in the United States—including the Kalamazoo man himself—it would instantly be consigned to the wastebasket. Your business man has no use for rapid-fire letters. If what you have to say to him isn't worth the time it would take you to dictate it to a stenographer and sign it with your own good round hand, then it isn't worth the time it would take him to read it.

But what of the man—five hundred of him—at the other end of the little venture in foreign postage? What of the consul? Alas! the consul is not a business man—that is, not in the usual sense. He is just the servant of a hundred and ten million folk, and among many other things his business is to answer to the best of his ability all questions that any of them may see fit to fire at him—though the questions be sent out in ever so wild an SOS fashion.

So he maps out a plan with a view to giving the Kalamazoo man an intelligent answer. The plan embraces the writing of letters to a dozen or so local officials, asking for mileages, gradients, road conditions, automobile statistics and weather records; it further includes visiting all local firms and sending letters to those outlying regions of the district, consulting customs officials, tabulating statistics of the automobile trade and pursuing any fugitive clue that promises light on the automobile—not omitting to advise the Kalamazoo man that gasoline costs four times as much in the consul's district as it does in Kalamazoo, and that automobiles with left-hand drive are taboo because the rule of the road in the consul's district happens to be "turn to the left."

So much for the first letter on the consul's desk. The next prize that he draws is a letter in a long envelope with an eagle embossed at the top of the sheet and the great seal of state for watermark. The letter begins, "Sir. At the request of the Department of Commerce you are instructed—" and ends, "I am, Sir, Your obedient servant, The Secretary of State."

Ominous hail and farewell, those, carrying in their brief score of words all the weight of two ponderous departments. Think of the consul with the seats of the mighty thus

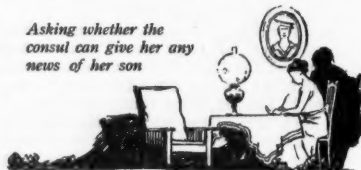


DRAWINGS BY WENDELL P. DODGE

looking down upon him. He can appreciate the feelings of Napoleon's soldiers when the Little Corporal with a dramatic wave of his hand toward the hoary monuments of Egypt on a certain historic occasion exclaimed: "Soldiers, forty centuries look down upon you!"

But the thing that chiefly troubles the consul is not what is looking down upon him, but what he himself is looking down upon—what he is instructed to do. He is told to find out and report to headquarters the market in his district for wall paper, oil paints, water paints and flat wall paints—whatever the last may be. He is to report how much of each of those commodities is consumed a year in his district; what colors the natives particularly affect; whether the natives employ trade artisans for their house decorating or prefer home talent; whether prepared paints are as popular in his district as they are in the United States—as if he should know how

Asking whether the consul can give her any news of her son



popular they are in the United States, poor fellow, who hasn't spent as much as six months there altogether in ten years; what amount of the commodities is imported as compared with the domestic output; whether round or square can containers are preferred and what sizes tickle the local trade; what sort of weather is visited upon the consul's district, and has it a reputation for spoiling oil paints, water paints, wall paper or flat wall paints? Finally, how can the American exporter best corner the market and so come by hustle rather than by humility to inherit the earth?

The next letter from the postman's pile is of an altogether different sort. It is from a "schoolmarm"—blessings on her!—up in New York State, saying that her class of little girls is just now studying the consul's immediate corner of the globe, and will be so kind as to send her for use in the class a few samples of the products of his particular country? If any consul is so hard-hearted as to turn down such a request or so lacking in imagination as not to see that the letter may be the most important in all his morning's mail, then he deserves to be turned down himself when the department chalks up its next slate of promotions.

On the heels of the "schoolmarm's" epistle comes one from a crabbed old fellow out in Indiana, who thinks the consul's whole duty—differing from "the whole duty of man"—consists in filling stamp albums. He curtly calls attention to a letter that he mailed to the consul a month before—he forgets that his letter was headed for Timbuktu and not for Terre Haute—and wants to know why he has not yet received the stamps he asked for. Incidentally he incloses a set of uncanceled Tripoli stamps and asks the consul to send them up to Tripoli and have them duly canceled there for him, since canceled stamps are more valuable than samples fresh from the press, and then return them to him at once.

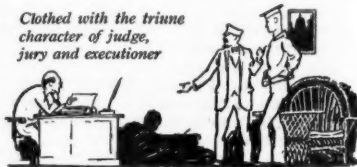
Then there comes a letter from an anxious mother way out in Sante Fe, asking whether the consul can give her any news of her son who shipped ever so long ago on the Fair Nancy and was due to call at the consul's port, but from whom no word has come since he cast his lot with those "that go down to the sea in ships." The letter means a search of all the shipping records of the consul's office for months past to see whether the name of the wandering boy appears anywhere. Or perhaps it doesn't mean much searching at all. Perhaps that particular name stands out upon the records, draped in black—and the consul has to tell the mother in gentler words that her boy will never come back. For, friends, there is not wanting tragedy too in the work of playing consul to the American people.

So much for the Pandora box of troubles that the postman leaves on the consul's desk of a morning. It is mentioned here, not because it represents the most important of the consul's duties, but because we happened to come upon the consul opening his morning mail.

No, the consul's work is not altogether arranged for him by the post bag. He must go out and hunt up trouble when it is not handed to him ready-made. The American consul is expected to know more about every interest in his district than anyone else in the district knows. And he usually does know. It was not long since that an English drummer, covering one of the countries of South America, said: "Whenever I want the latest trade information I put my British passport into my trunk, go down to the American consulate, and talk through my nose." And an English textile journal recently said: "When the cotton-goods trade wants exhaustive figures about the chief industry of Manchester it goes to the American consul at Manchester."

But enough of such matters. A person might begin to think, as a great many folks do think, that the consul is nothing but a go-between to connect American trade with foreign markets. As a matter of fact, promoting trade is only one of the many varieties of amusement that the consul engages in to keep from becoming homesick. The others are all lively enough themselves, and any of them is likely to take the front of the stage. There's shipping, for example, a lively protégé of the consul's in these days when we have some fifteen million tons of merchant marine floating round the world at large. Perhaps you didn't know that the consul had anything to do with shipping—except perhaps to get for himself a passage home every three or four years if he can save money enough in that time to buy a second-class

Clothed with the trimme character of judge, jury and executioner



ticket. But indeed he has! No seaman of an American ship can be paid off, discharged or shipped at a foreign port except by the American consul at that port. He must approve every case of serious discipline, and his approval must be certified in the ship's log book; and no master of a ship may dismiss a member of his crew until the case has been laid before the consul and both sides have been heard. For all such matters the consul is clothed with the trimme character of judge, jury and executioner.



persistently floating over the seven seas—verily with all the growing interests abroad of the American people, the man whom the President commissions with "special trust and confidence" to represent in foreign lands the one hundred and ten million people of the United States must be up and doing. Feet on his desk! Preposterous! There's no room for them there. Come early and see the consul open his morning mail.

The first thing to be extricated from the epistolary pile is a letter from a man back in Kalamazoo who is convinced that the way to get rich quick is by way of the foreign automobile trade. With that hallucination possessing him, the fellow has had his local printer strike off five hundred "special type-written letter" forms tabulating all the questions that during his odd moments he has been able to think of about the automobile trade. Being the hustling man that he is, what with thinking up odd questions and dividing the rest of his time between



That extraordinary power is given to him in order that unscrupulous masters far from home may not impose upon American seamen—or, what is quite as likely in these days of new seamen's acts and crafty sea-lawyer crews, that unscrupulous seamen may not impose upon the masters.

Nor do all those things, varied as they are, make up the story of the consul's life. Any day there may be suddenly woven into the prosaic web a pattern in high lights. Any day the consul, standing at his post in some far corner of the world, may suddenly find that between suns his task has changed from

seeking information for perfervid trade enthusiasts to saving American citizens from imminent death, as in the Boxer uprising in China not many years ago. Or he may find himself suddenly lifted into the limelight by the fierce glare of war, as in 1914 when American folk who had fared abroad, contemptuous of all things consular, were suddenly smitten one August day with swift desire for the homeward trail and were seen running madly up and down the streets, exclaiming with all the fervor of a Richard III: "A consul! A consul! My kingdom for a consul!"—or words to that effect.

Space fails me to tell of all the consul's work—how he serves our courts of justice by taking evidence of witnesses abroad, our Bureau of Public Health by warning it of maladies that only await some immigrant ship to slip in at our doors and our Department of Agriculture by keeping it informed on prevalent diseases of animals and plants; and how in these days he helps to keep our body politic free from that most insidious of diseases, Bolshevism, by sitting in judgment on every aspirant for passage to the land of the Stars and Stripes and refusing that essential Godspeed called a passport

visé when in his judgment the case so demands.

With those multitudinous duties upon him, how shall the consul find time to cultivate the fine art of fellowship, which is as leaven in the loaf, and without which all his efforts must measurably fail? For the consul who does not in due time come to be the best-known and the best-esteemed man in his district has fallen short of that excellence in the performance of his duties, which should be the goal of every man who holds a commission from the President of the United States to represent the American people.

## IN TRUST

THE other stenographers at the Milne Silk Company always laughed at Roxie Moore because she was forever hearing sounds and imagining things when she worked late alone. Even Mr. Milne, the president, to whom Roxie was secretary, had laughed once, though he had been kind and had said that he did not want to inflict torture whenever he asked her to do overtime letters for him; he would be more considerate in the future. But Roxie had protested vigorously and had assured him that the girls' nonsense alone was responsible for her timidity and that she would stay as a matter of course whenever there was extra work. But he had not asked her again until today—

"There! Roxie shrank and listened. 'So you're at it again,' she scolded herself. 'But it does certainly sound like people talking in the outer office.'"

There was no doubt about it; two men were talking in low tones in the big outer office, and there was an odd clinking sound as of bits of metal knocking together. Roxie said to herself that the men probably were caretakers with their pails and mops, but somehow the explanation did not satisfy her. With her heart beating thickly in her throat and her breath coming in quick, uneven gasps she slipped out of her chair and tiptoed to the half-open door leading into the big office where the accounting, stenographic and cashier's departments were all fenced off with shiny brass railings.

Then it seemed to her that her heart stopped beating altogether. Both her slim, long-fingered hands went to her throat and pressed hard as if to stifle the instinctive cry that had almost escaped her. For there across the wide, already dusky room two men were standing before the big safe in the cashier's cage! One of them was bending over and twirling the nickel knob; the other was peering over his shoulder, watching each move with absorbed attention. Neither man noticed that the door of the president's office was opening noiselessly a few additional inches, and that a horrified girlish face was framed in the widening crack.

For a minute Roxie's first, wholly natural sensation was terror for herself. The girls need never laugh at her fears again. Here were burglars! And she, Roxie Moore, was alone with them in the great empty, dusky office on the tenth floor of a deserted office building.

She thought wildly of the back stairs and the fire escape. But to reach either she must pass through the room where the men were. Then something banished for the moment the thought of her own danger. Usually there was little or no money in the office safe on Saturday night, but now she realized with a sinking heart that by an extraordinary combination of circumstances a considerable sum was there.

Mr. Milne was to have closed a sale that morning with a certain inventor of a newly-patented improvement for a silk-dyeing process, and the man, who was something of a crank, had insisted on a cash payment. Roxie knew that ten thousand dollars had been drawn and placed in the cashier's safe to meet the need; she knew also that just before one o'clock the inventor had telephoned from Boston that an accident had detained him and that he would meet the president on Monday morning instead. By that time it was too late to return the money to the bank, and so Mr. Milne had had to leave it in the safe. "I don't like to keep so large a sum as that in the office even overnight," he had said to Roxie. "But it's a case of not being able to do anything else."

No one except Mr. Grant, the cashier, Mr. Milne and Roxie herself was supposed to know anything about the money's ever having been in the office at all, and Roxie knew it only because she had typewritten all the letters to the inventor. She had been with the

firm nearly three years as the president's secretary, and he had learned in that time that he could trust her never to talk about business matters and never to repeat what she could not avoid overhearing. Still, she reflected shrewdly, it was not impossible that others in the office had known about the money.

At any rate whether by chance or by design there were the two men at the safe door, and no one was on hand to defeat their plans except herself—a girl whose knees were shaking under her and whose frightened heart was thumping violently. It was absurd to think that she could find any way of stopping them. Why, she couldn't even run away and give the alarm! If only there were some back door into the hall! For a second Roxie was near panic again and wrung her hands helplessly as a too vivid imagination pictured the things that might happen should the burglars discover her.

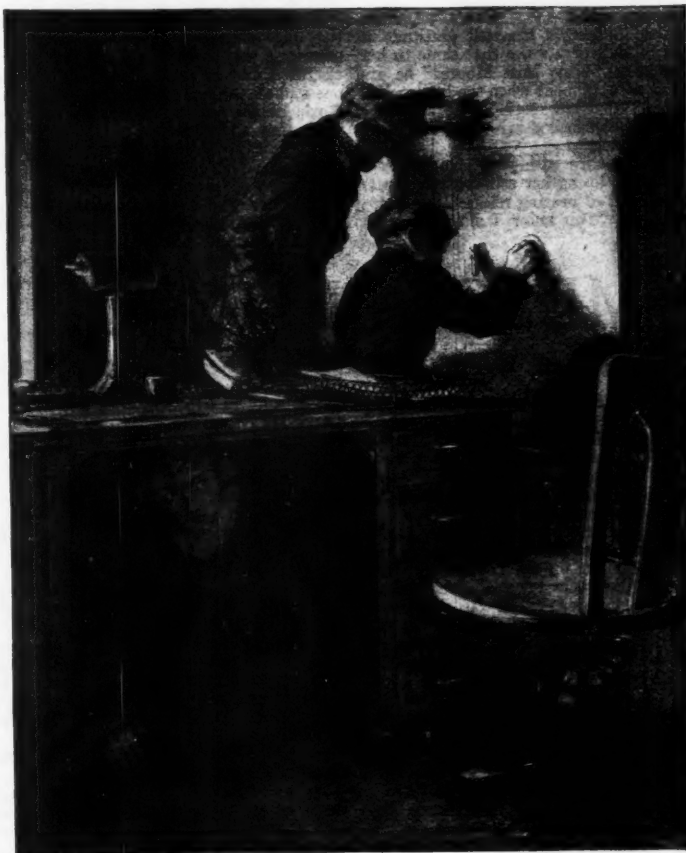
Then, being really a sensible girl at bottom, she once more crushed down the rising terrors and thought in earnest. All at once she remembered something that had almost escaped her recollection. The money wasn't in the big safe out there. How had she come to forget so important a point! Just before Mr. Milne had left he had gone out and, fetching the neat bundles of green-backed and yellow-backed bills from the larger safe, had stowed them away in the innermost compartment of the small steel wall safe in his own office. "No one knows they're here but us two, Miss Moore," he had said smilingly. "I wish they didn't have to be anywhere in the office at all; it's against all my business rules."

"When those men don't find any money in the safe out there," Roxie said to herself, and a little

shiver of apprehension stole up and down her back, "they'll start looking round. Eventually they'll come in here."

Like a frightened animal in a trap she glanced wildly round the room for a possible means of escape. Her glance lingered doubtfully on her own desk in the far corner by the window, and something inside her made her breath come faster. The desk was low and had a flat top and a swinging shelf at one side for her typewriter, but underneath—there was a chance that a slim little girl could squeeze between the two sets of drawers at the sides. The back of the opening was inclosed; no one would be able to see her from across the office. Well, uncertain as the chance was, it was her only one. The thing that made her feel hopeful was that the men would not be expecting to find anyone in the place and so would not be likely to spend time in looking round them.

Holding her breath, Roxie cautiously closed the door into the outer room and fled to her haven. Rolling herself into a tight little ball, she wedged herself into her hiding place; though she was cramped and uncomfortable she was relieved to know that she was quite out of sight—unless of course one of the men came round on that side of the desk and looked down. And with the realization that she was tolerably safe some of her terror abated, and she was once more aware of the danger threatening the money in the safe. The company had been going through hard times lately, she knew, and ten thousand dollars would be a real loss. If only there were some way to get word either to Mr. Milne or to the police! But the office telephones were of no use after hours. She could telephone from the switchboard of course, but to reach that was no more possible



DRAWN BY JOHN GORE

"This kind ain't hard. I could open 'er up in my sleep"

## By Marguerite Aspinwall

than to reach the stairs. And just then a thought came to her with the sudden illuminating flash of lightning on a dark night. Why not open the safe,—Mr. Milne had trusted her with the combination long ago,—take out the money and hide it? If she could do it quickly enough, before the men began hunting round, perhaps the scheme, daring as it was, would be successful. Even if some one had betrayed the fact that the money was in the office, the burglars could not be certain that Mr. Milne had not taken it home for safer keeping. The chances were all against their ever looking for it on the floor under the secretary's desk.

"I—I'm going to try it," Roxie said to herself in a trembling little voice that yet had a new note of determination in it. Though she was terribly frightened at what she had so suddenly thought of attempting, she crawled out of her retreat and crept across the floor on hands and knees as silently as a dim little gray shadow to the safe just opposite Mr. Milne's desk.

Her hands were shaking so much that she thought she should never get the heavy door open. Twice she twirled the knob too far and had to start all over again, but at last it stopped on the right number, and she pulled the door toward her. Fortunately, the hinges were new and well oiled and made no sound that anyone could hear more than a few feet away. But she had to manipulate a second combination before she could reach the inside compartment. A moment after she had succeeded in opening the inner door she heard exclamations of anger and disappointment from the two men in the big office; they had discovered no doubt that the safe was empty. If anything had been needed to spur her shaking fingers to quicker action that circumstance would have done it, and an instant later, with the safe once more closed and locked behind her and with ten flat packages of crisp new bank notes under her arm, she was creeping hurriedly back to her refuge. She stowed her treasure-trove in the shadows at the back of the opening and curled herself cautiously and most uncomfortably on top of it.

A little while later she heard footsteps approaching the door; then the knob turned. The men were talking, and the sound of the rough, sinister voices so near her made her tremble violently once more. "Here's another safe, Bill," one of the voices said raucously. "Have a try here, but hurry up. It'll be too dark to see soon, and I don't like the idea of turnin' on a flash in here."

"Aw, why not?" grumbled the second voice irritably. "Ain't the watchman fixed? Here, let me at 'er! This kind ain't hard. I could open 'er up in my sleep."

After that there was silence for some time, which was broken only by heavy, short breathing. Then Roxie heard a little grunt of satisfaction; evidently the door of the safe had opened.

"Huh, nother one inside," ejaculated the first voice. "Get a move on you, Bill! I ain't aimin' to spend the night."

"Thank goodness for that at any rate," Roxie thought gratefully. She had become so cramped that it was torture to keep from moving, but she set her firm white teeth on her under lip and did her best. She mustn't move—she mustn't—no matter how it hurt! No, she guessed she could bear a little discomfort for so big a result!

For several moments the office was silent. Then Roxie heard a faint click. She held her breath. The men had slammed the inner door shut. They were talking, exclaiming, filling the room with bitter oaths, and terrible threats against the person who had deprived them of the money. Terror turned things momentarily black before her eyes. Suddenly her whole body relaxed limply, and there in





the dark of her cramped hiding place the girl fainted for the first time in her twenty years of life.

Whether she was unconscious a long time, or whether she fell into a sort of stuporlike sleep after the moment of faintness, Roxie was never afterwards quite sure, but when she again opened her eyes the office was in complete darkness. She listened in rigid attention but, hearing no one talking or moving round, finally concluded with a great throb of relief that the men had given up the search and had gone.

But it was several minutes before she dared to move enough to ease her aching muscles, and it must have been nearly an hour, though it seemed like a dozen, before she ventured to crawl out from her place of concealment and look about her. Leaving the money where it was, she felt her way across the room and, opening the office door, peered out. Reassured by the utter stillness, she tiptoed back to her desk and sank giddily into her chair. Then, leaning her weary head on her trembling arms, she tried to shepherd her wandering thoughts into some semblance of order.

The first thing, in fact the only thing, that occurred to her was to talk with Mr. Milne. If she could force herself to cross that dark outer office and find the switchboard in the little telephone room at the opposite end of it she could perhaps reach the president at his home. If she couldn't get him—but she did not dare to think of that.

She was afraid to turn on a light, for she did not know how close the men might be. And besides, what had they meant when they had spoken of the night watchman's being "fixed"? Had they killed him, or had they merely bribed him? If they had bribed the watchman, he would, if he saw a light through the ground-glass door of the office, immediately suspect that some one was inside who had heard and seen things that were not to his own best advantage. But without a light could she ever make herself feel her way to the far-off switchboard? Twice Roxie started off bravely only to lose courage at the door; but on the third attempt she kept herself at it, and after several stumbles against desks and chairs and railings—stumbles that almost drew little cries of alarm from her lips—she reached her goal.

The sound of central's voice in her ear she thought the sweetest music she had ever heard, and she had hard work not to blurt out the whole story. But in a moment she was quietly giving Mr. Milne's telephone number. A man, evidently a butler, finally answered her and said that Mr. and Mrs. Milne were at a concert.

"Oh!" breathed Roxie in disappointment. "Oh!" Then tears came into her eyes, and she swallowed hard. It was too much after all she had been through! She wanted to shriek, to break down childishly and cry her heart out with her head on the unfeeling metal instrument that had betrayed her hopes.

"Quite generally they come directly home," the man said calmly. "If madam will leave her number—"

"No, no, I'll call again at—do you suppose half past eleven would be a good time?" Unreasonable anger banished the tremor from Roxie's voice. Why couldn't the creature be human! Couldn't he guess that something was wrong?

But he answered as imperturbably as before: "Very good, madam. I will tell him you'll call at half past eleven."

Roxie hung up the receiver, and then she cried in earnest—a wild torrent of tears that left her weak but calmer and free of the terrible feeling of strain.

She considered telephoning the police, but shrank from the task in a vague fear of doing the wrong thing. Better let Mr. Milne make the matter of the attempted robbery public, if he wanted to. He himself ought to be the first person to hear of it. No, she would wait right where she was until half past eleven o'clock; then she would try again and keep on trying until she got Mr. Milne on the other end of the wire.

But what time was it now? After trying various expedients for getting a glimpse of the face of her wrist watch in the darkness, Roxie finally bethought herself of the lighted dial of the huge Metropolitan tower clock, which could be seen distinctly from the south window of Mr. Milne's office. To reach the window meant another nerve-racking trip back across the terror-filled dark between, but she set out boldly. She was much calmer now. The Metropolitan clock informed her that it was exactly nine. Two hours and a half stretched before her.

Roxie decided to spend the time at the window, looking out on the cheerful, if unreachable, city lights and the friendly face of

the tower clock. She tried counting up to a thousand over and over monotonously; she recited dozens of verses of half-forgotten poetry of her school days; she went over the day's work and tried to remember possible mistakes in letters. And after she had done all that it was only quarter to ten; she must live through another hour and three quarters before she could even summon help.

If anyone asked Roxie afterwards about that period of waiting she always turned the question aside with a forced laugh. No words of hers would ever be able to paint adequately the agonies of mind that her overstrung nerves put her through before the lighted hands of the clock that she was staring at pointed to half past eleven.

When she called Mr. Milne's telephone number again, to her heartfelt gratitude it was Mr. Milne's own voice that came to her over the wire. "Why, Miss Moore!" he exclaimed in astonishment when she had spoken her name. "What's wrong? Where are you?—The office! Not locked in?—Yes, of course, I'll come at once."

"Bring the police with you," Roxie urged him and then, losing her self-control a little at the prospect of nearing release and safety, began to sob. "You know I stayed here to

work late. There were two men who broke into the office, and I—"

She heard a smothered exclamation from her employer and hurried on: "No, they didn't get anything. I got it first. It's quite safe, only—only please come quickly. I've been here in the dark alone for hours and hours—"

"You poor, plucky child," she heard the president gasp. "Buck up, Miss Moore; we'll relieve you in a jiffy. Hold on now, there's a brave girl. Just fifteen minutes more!"

She learned later that his automobile was still in front of his house, waiting to take a guest home. It was only fourteen minutes by the comforting old Metropolitan clock before Mr. Milne, several friends who had been with him at the concert, his chauffeur and two big policemen were walking into the office and snapping on a marvelous glare of electric lights as they came. And of course one and all made a most gratifying fuss over Roxie as the heroine of the occasion; and when they all beheld the packages of greenbacks beneath her desk the burly policemen were astonished at her quickness of wit and her pluck. "It's a fine thing, miss," said one,—the fat one who weighed at least two hundred pounds if he weighed an ounce,—"that

ye didn't have a figger like mine to stow away in that cubby-hole. Ho, ho, ho! That would have been some job, I'm thinkin', miss!"

"So it would," Roxie replied and laughed, the first natural laugh she had been capable of for hours.

And then Mr. Milne was handing her into his automobile as carefully as if she had been his own young daughter and was saying in a low voice, "Words are mighty poor things, Miss Moore, to show my gratitude—the gratitude of the firm. But look in your mail Monday morning; there'll be a more substantial token in it of what this night's work means to us all. Not that that can begin to repay you for your pluck and the risks you ran. Why—" The little husky break in her employer's voice and the fatherly pat of his big hand on hers meant more to Roxie than the promised reward.

It's the most wonderful feeling in the world to realize that you have lived up to a trust, that the hour of trial and danger has not found you wanting.

Roxie's firm young chin went up proudly, and her eyes shone. "It—it wasn't anything," she whispered shyly, but deep down inside her her heart of hearts was singing.

## A MESSAGE TO CHIEF JOSEPH

By Frank Robertson

### Chapter Three. War paint

MY legs were so numb that I could do little except float with the current. I kept as silent as I could as I listened for the alarm to be raised; but Big Foot must have thought that a vagrant breeze had caused the flap to tremble, for I heard no further sounds from the council house.

When I was near the place where I had left Leander I grabbed a bush and dragged my heavy legs out on the bank. Two rifles and my blanket were lying on the ground, but Leander was missing. I was wondering what had become of the old mountaineer when suddenly he appeared at my side as if he had come from nowhere. "All right, Dave?" he inquired.

"Yes," I replied, "except that I'm too numb to walk." He began to rub my legs vigorously while I whispered as well as I could what I had learned.

"It's what the old-timers have been dreading for years," remarked Leander as I finished.

"We've got to get out and warn the settlers and the soldiers," I whispered.

"They wouldn't believe us—they never do until it's too late." It was one of the few times that I ever heard Leander speak with bitterness.

"Surely there must be some way for us to warn them," I insisted.

But Leander shook his head. "Besides the objection I've raised, it would take us a long time to get out of the mountains to

warn them, even if some band of Injuns didn't pick us up. Chances are there would still be a lot of lives lost even if we had the best of luck."

"But we should try," I urged, astonished at his words.

"That's right—unless we should try to do something better."

"What could be better?" I asked.

"To prevent this alliance from going through altogether."

"But how?"

"There is just one way: get to Chief Joseph first with a message that the Shoshones have refused to join him. He'll pull his freight for Canada then, and nobody will get hurt much. Then when Big Foot's bucks get there an' find Joseph gone it will put an end to the Shoshone uprising. Buffalo Horn can yell himself hoarse, but the Bannocks won't dare do nothin' alone."

"If we only could!" I exclaimed, staggered at the magnitude of the proposal.

Yet I could see no way to accomplish it.

There we were without horses several hundred miles from the Clearwater in mountains that were impassable except by one or two extremely difficult and unknown trails. But even if Leander's superior skill as a mountaineer could overcome those obstacles, how were we to convince Joseph and get him to move before Buffalo Horn and his braves arrived?

"It all depends upon you, Dave," Leander said as if in answer to my unspoken

objections. "You've showed tonight that you can speak and act enough like an Indian to pass as a Shoshone. We've got to fix you up so you'll look like one. When we get close to the Clearwater you'll have to brush on ahead and speak to Joseph while I sort of entertain Buffalo Horn back along the trail."

"Speak to him by means of the sign that was known only to Joseph and Nampuh? I am not sure that I saw it all, and if I didn't, what will happen?"

"I don't know, Dave; it'll be mighty risky at the best, but it's big stakes to gamble for, boy, even though your life is on the table."

The stakes were big; I thrilled at the thought of the many lives that we could save if we were successful, and somehow I believed that we were destined to succeed. "I am ready," I said.

"Good!" Leander exclaimed. "I've got an idea that if there is any more to that sign, we'll be able to figure it out by the time you need it."

When I asked him what he meant he refused to satisfy my curiosity; and as we were preparing to move on I saw him slip a small buckskin bag, or purse, under his blanket—a circumstance that further pricked my interest. But I said nothing, though I was sure that he had not had the bag before.

"I wish we could find Brogan in this mob of cayuses," Leander murmured as we again went among the horses.

"I'd much rather have any of the others," I replied.

Wishes, however, were vain. Yet we were determined not to walk, and soon we found two ponies that seemed to be gentle; at least, they did not object to our catching them. Of course we had brought our ropes along as well as our rifles and our blankets, and in a few moments we were mounted and were working toward the outside of the herd. Soon we could hear the interminable herd song with its monotonous *ai-yoy, ai-yoy*.

"This is a confounded squaw pony, an' I can't move him without a club," Leander grumbled.

"Mine too," I said disgustedly. "He isn't much better than Brogan."

"Question is," my old friend said, disregarding my slight on his pet, "how are we goin' to git out with these scads?"

"Let me pretend to be one of the herders and talk to one of them while you sneak across," I suggested, thrilled with my previous success at posing as an Indian.

"Never use your best card till you have to," Leander advised me. "We must find a patch of brush." We moved along slowly until we came to a small clump of willows.

"You hide in here with the ponies," Leander directed, "and don't move unless they ride right onto you. If they do, tie one of the ponies an' jump on the other and pretend to be one of 'em. I'm going to slip up to the line and stampede the band this way and get the herders behind us."

Before I had the horses hidden to my satisfaction Leander was out of sight. Ten

After we had returned to our horses Leander ordered me to sleep

DRAWN BY GEORGE VARIAN





minutes dragged by, though the time seemed much longer than that. Suddenly I heard a surprised snort, and instantly the thunder of flying hoofs tearing over the meadow followed it. I heard the yelling of the herders as they surged after the band. Then the two ponies that I was holding became unexpectedly eager to join the stampede, and I had my hands full to keep them in the brush.

A young buck, yelling at the top of his voice to reassure the horses, dashed by within forty feet of me. Fortunately, he was so occupied with his charges that he failed to notice the plunging horses that I was wrestling with. The stampede gained headway as more and more horses joined it until before long there was acute danger of a general alarm. In a few minutes not an Indian was within half a mile of us.

Leander soon appeared at my side. "We've got to light out of this," he said. "Those Injuns'll be back here in a minute to see what went wrong."

By using the ends of our ropes on the ponies we were able to cross the meadow and strike a trail through the timbered foothills; Leander seemed to find the trail more by instinct than by sight, for the night was too dark to see any distance ahead of us.

"How did you start the stampede?" I asked when I could speak with safety.

"I just crawled through the line behind a buck, and when he got to the end of his beat I come aboilin' into the cayuses on my hands an' knees with my blanket a-floppin' in the breeze like a tail. Those cayuses thought I was a sure-enough wolf."

"It is more than probable that Buffalo Horn will have our horses," I said suddenly.

"How can we beat them on these things?"

"Havin' and keepin' is two different things, an' Buffalo Horn may find it out," Leander said cryptically.

We forced our slow ponies along all of the night and until almost noon of the next day; and then I saw by the anxious looks that Leander cast back along the trail that he feared the Indians might overtake us. Soon we found a small box cañon, and since it was out of sight of the main trail, we rode up it some distance and picketed our ponies. Then we crept back to where we could see along the trail. We had not lain there half an hour before Buffalo Horn and seven other braves came in sight; the chief was riding Singer and the brave behind him was riding Irish. The six others were all well mounted. Indian fashion they were without baggage except what each could carry on his saddle.

To my delight Remorse, with a perplexed expression in his outlaw's eyes, was following close; he and Irish were inseparable, and either would follow the other unless prevented by force. No other extra horse seemed to be with the band, but presently after the Indians were out of sight we heard a shrill whinny back along the trail, and a moment later Brogan came loping along, audibly protesting at being left behind.

We could easily have caught him, and I saw Leander's fingers go to his lips to whistle; but he allowed them to fall back, and we let the old reprobate pass us. I was astonished at Leander, for I knew that the Indians would never have missed the horse. Even if they knew that he was following they would naturally think that he had stopped to rest. Moreover, slow as he was, he was faster than either of the squaw ponies that we were compelled to ride.

After we had returned to our horses Leander ordered me to sleep. We both threw ourselves on the ground, and I was asleep almost at once. When he awakened me I was startled to see that the sun had just set.

"How do ye feel, my boy?" Leander asked with a grin.

"All right," I replied, "except that my face feels sort of stiff and sticky."

"Wish I had a lookin'-glass to show you what a fine Injun you make," he said and grinned.

"Did—did you pa-paint me?" I stammered.

"Made a regular rip-snortin', fightin' buck out of you—war paint and everything."

"How?" I asked. "Where did you get the paint?"

"While you were listenin' to the wa-wa in the council house I made a little exploring trip of my own into some chief's wickiup an' swiped his war paint. This afternoon I made a stain out of some roots an' daubed it on you for a background for the paint. With your long black hair you look like a reg'lar Injun."

It happened that my hair and eyes were black—a heritage from my French-Canadian mother; and for several years I had let my hair grow long in imitation of Leander and of other frontiersmen who were my idols. I did not doubt that I made a first-class Indian.

"It's just as well fer you to git in practice now," Leander said, "an' if you should happen to git took in by Injuns you can claim to be a renegade Shoshone from Washakie's people. We've got a heap harder job ahead of us tonight than we had last night. It's easy to slash around through a big Injun camp when they figure they're dead safe, but dealin' with a few on the trail is a heap different. We've got to overtake those Injuns and steal their horses."

"Right now I'd like to steal some of their grub," I said.

I had noticed that Leander had a fire, and at my words he raked the coals from it and drew forth two grouse wrapped Indian fashion in grass and mud; they were roasted to a turn. I accepted one eagerly, though I felt heartily ashamed of having slept while the old man was doing all the work.

As soon as we had finished eating the grouse we caught the ponies and started to overtake the enemy. Urging the lazy squaw ponies along was hard work, but we had to do it, for the Indians now had perhaps six hours' start of us. I asked Leander why we had not continued to follow them instead of stopping, and he explained that our ponies needed rest; so by letting them rest while the Indians were traveling, we would have them fresh to travel while the Indians' horses were resting. Then if our plans carried and we could steal the horses a couple of hours before daybreak we would be exchanging tired horses for fresh horses and so would make a good start.

Whip and kick as we would, a sort of jack-rabbit lope was the best that we could get from the ponies. Though we had no means of telling time we realized that it was well past midnight when we came near the camp, which we found without difficulty.

A big fire was burning, and one of the Bannocks was standing guard beside it. Silhouetted against the background of darkness were the eight riding horses, all carefully staked by the foot within easy reach of their riders. Stretched about on the ground with their feet toward the fire lay the seven other bucks. There was absolutely no chance to get a horse without awakening every Indian. And if we did not get the horses in a few hours, the Indians would start, and we knew that then we could never overtake them on our jaded squaw ponies.

"Danged old Brogan—right up among 'em," Leander complained.

We waited for what seemed hours, until faint gray streaks were beginning to show in the eastern sky. Still the Indian on guard, pacing slowly back and forth in front of the horses, showed no signs of relaxing his vigilance. I had missed Remorse, but of course it was too dark to hunt for him, and I had thought little about him. Suddenly I heard a soft crunching of grass off to my right, and, without saying anything to Leander, I slipped away in that direction. If Remorse recognized me, I knew that I could catch him; if he did not, I supposed merely that he would go back to the other horses. I had just got where I could observe him plainly, when he sighted me. He must have thought I was an Indian—he mortally detested Indians—for he let out a frightened whistle and bolted headlong for the other horses. His precipitate coming alarmed them, and they all surged back violently on the picket ropes. At once all the Indians were on their feet. They soon quieted the horses and then returned to the fire; but a moment later Buffalo Horn and his three Bannocks disappeared into the darkness. Right then I wished that I were back with Leander, for I knew that the Indians were prowling somewhere in the grass near me in an effort to discover the cause of the disturbance.

Unfortunately, I had maneuvered myself into a position from which I could not get back to the old mountaineer without going at right angles to the way that I was sure at least one of the Indians was crawling. The goose flesh began to creep as in imagination I felt the cold point of a knife between my shoulders.

With an effort I kept my composure and began to slink away from the fire as fast as I dared. Suddenly my knee came down on a stick, and it cracked loudly. For a moment I listened with my heart in my mouth, but I could hear no sound. Still more cautiously I continued my retreat until something—I didn't know what it was—caused me to drop flat on my stomach. As I did so I glanced behind me and saw the blurred outline of an ugly, painted face and the glint of steel as a knife started downward straight for me. Involuntarily I shut my eyes and buried my face in the cool grass while my body flinched from the expected blow.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## 10-Day Tube Free



# What Men Use

## To get those glistening teeth

Note how many men and women show white teeth nowadays.

They are proud to show them when they smile—because they are attractive.

There is a new way of teeth cleaning which millions now employ. It means whiter, safer, cleaner teeth.

Boys who want good teeth should use it. Make this free test and see just what it does.

### It removes film

You can feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

That's why teeth look cloudy.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it, and they cause many troubles.

That's how teeth are ruined.

### You must do this

Old ways of brushing do not end that film. Some always remains to threaten serious damage night and day.

So dental science sought a film combatant and two methods were discovered. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it.

Experts proved those ways effective.

**Pepsodent** PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Then dentists everywhere began to advise their use.

A new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. The name is Pepsodent. Those two great film combatants were embodied in it, for daily application.

Now careful people of some fifty nations use this new way to clean teeth.

### Fights acid too

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

Pepsodent multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Those are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Every use of Pepsodent gives them manifold effect.

### The new-day way

Pepsodent is the tooth paste of today. Millions already use it. All careful people will adopt it when they know its benefits.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Then you will realize what this method means to you, now and in the future. Cut out the coupon now.

## 10-Day Tube Free 1095

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY  
Dept. 639, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY





William E. Borah

### FACT AND COMMENT

IF YOU SPEND half your time in making promises, you will surely have to spend the rest of it in breaking them.

If we saw Others as they see Themselves  
The Hats of Men would all be Number  
Twelves.

"KNOW THY WORK," said the sage, "and work at it like a Hercules. One monster there is in the world: an idle man."

"THERE'S SOMETHING of a moral in Ed Totty's mule," says the old citizen of Little Lot. "He's a kicker, but when he kicks he can't pull, and when he pulls he can't kick."

NOW THAT THE HOLIDAY wrapping paper, excelsior and cardboard boxes have found their way to the cellar, will your house meet the latest standards in fire prevention?

A DISTRICT SCHOOL in New York State has only one pupil. When the teacher took the job last summer there were other pupils in prospect, but their families moved away, and now one seven-year-old boy chooses his own seat and takes all the prizes.

SWIFT AS IT USUALLY IS, the telephone is slow and untrustworthy when it comes to turning in an alarm for fire. When there is a fire in a schoolhouse the prompt arrival of firemen may avert a panic as well as save the property. That every schoolhouse shall have a fire-alarm box is already law in some cities and should be law in every city.

THE ANNUAL REPORT of the director of the Forest Service calls attention to the immense and increasing areas of unproductive land in the United States. The sawmills make bare four or five million acres a year, and improved farm land, particularly in the Eastern states, is shrinking rapidly. The lapse of large areas into an unused state calls for some feasible and comprehensive plan for reforestation.

RECORDS KEPT FOR MANY YEARS by the Connecticut Agricultural College show that a good pullet, well fed and cared for, should produce at least 160 eggs in a year. The minimum number for each month should be: November, 5; December, 7; January, 9; February, 12; March, 18; April, 19; May, 20; June, 18; July, 17; August, 15; September, 13; October, 7. A flock that for several successive months produced less than that should probably be culled.

THE ESTABLISHMENT of the Irish Free State brings the cause of the Scottish Home Rulers more prominently to notice. The Scots have long contended that the Parliament in London cannot deal properly with Scottish affairs. The departure from it of the members from southern Ireland who usually voted with the seventy-four Scots on legislation that affected Scotland makes the fact that English lawmakers overlook the Scottish interest more conspicuous.

AN INTERESTING modern departure in education is the plan to convert an army transport into a floating preparatory school for college and send it round the world. The school will be in session nine months in the year, will be as strict in its requirements as the best fitting schools and will carry a staff of competent teachers. The cost will be no greater than at a fitting school of the same quality on shore. And yet "educators" have laughed at poor old "Oliver Optic" for fifty years! Now they have—so to speak—jumped

his claim. Let the boys read the Young America Abroad series before they apply for admission to the new school.

### MATERIAL FOR HISTORY

HISTORICAL research is one of man's favorite occupations—a distinction that it shares with astronomy and medical research. The geologist's only material for study is the rocks that form the crust of the earth and the deposits that past ages have left in them. The anthropologist, whose study is man, has nothing except a few broken skulls, fragments of teeth, and now and then a bone; and he must base his conclusions on measurements of crania and brain cavities. But from the dawn of civilization the historian has had more abundant material, though that is scanty too: records in unknown languages, in hieroglyphics the key to which seemed hopelessly lost, though the hieroglyphics themselves were engraved on imperishable stone. When the key was found much of the story of the nations that dwelt in the regions of Egypt and Babylonia was recovered.

But notice, now, that in each of those departments of study the available material, though meagre, was capable of withstanding the destructive forces of time. The rocks that the geologist studies, the bones from which the anthropologist draws his conclusions, the slabs of stone in which ancient and now extinct civilizations cut their heroic annals have endured. Hardly less durable are the parchment rolls on which the scribes of ancient times recorded the poems, the dramas and the history of their day; and because those things have endured the present-day student of history can piece together the story of the past.

For the historian of a hundred years hence it will be a different matter. He may find as great difficulty in drawing the picture of our time as we have today in fathoming the mystery of the Hittites. Our current history is recorded neither on stone nor on parchment, but on paper made from wood pulp chemically treated. The paper turns yellow in the sunlight, which decomposes the ink, so that in a few years a modern newspaper is almost illegible and in a few more years crumbles at a touch. There may be a superabundance of material for the historian of the future, but it will be as difficult to decipher as a slab from Nineveh. His trouble will be of two kinds: too much material for anyone to digest, and inability to read any of it.

Our modern inventions do give us something to offset our loss. Photography and the moving-picture films and the gramophone record, though they may furnish nothing that can compete with stone tablets in durability, may nevertheless preserve much that will save the historian of the future from error. Pictures taken by the sun are at least mainly truthful. We have not as yet fully realized the possibilities of our modern ability to reproduce sound. Until the phonograph was invented a sound once heard was lost forever. Now there is no sound, no combination or succession of sounds, that we cannot catch and hold and reproduce at our pleasure. How wonderful, how instructive, it would be if we could hear Chaucer or Shakespeare speak the English of his time! If there is any present standard of English pronunciation, it should be recorded for the benefit of those who will come after us. Unless we take care, the present diffusion of knowledge and the oversupply of instant information of what is happening in the remotest corners of the earth may be of little help to students of the next millennium. Their task may be harder than that of the scholars who deciphered the Ninevite tablets.

### STOCK DIVIDENDS

A STOCK dividend is the division among the stockholders of a corporation of surplus profits that, instead of being paid out in dividends, have been allowed to accumulate for a term of years and have been held as a cash fund, jointly owned, or else have been used to improve or to extend the business. A stock dividend does not create or pretend to create any new values. It is only a matter of bookkeeping. Property that has hitherto been held in common is now divided *pro rata* among the owners of it. That is all.

A certain woolen mill in Massachusetts recently declared a large stock dividend. The business was established many years ago on a capital of fifteen thousand dollars, which until last year had never been increased. The mill prospered from the first, but the profits, after deducting a generous

dividend on the fifteen thousand dollars of stock, have been put back into the business. New and larger buildings have been erected and filled with improved machinery. That meant a larger business and larger profits, and of course, so long as the capital remained the same, a larger surplus. Today the mills at a very moderate appraisal are worth five hundred thousand dollars. By means of a stock dividend the company has increased its capital to that sum—an increase of more than three thousand per cent. But the stockholders own no more property than they owned before. The mills were theirs then, and they are theirs now; but the holdings in stock now represent the actual value of the property and not the sum that the original investors put into the mill when they built it.

The new shares will not earn the large dividends that the old shares earned, but since there are so many more of them the amount that the stockholders even at a much lower dividend rate will receive each year will perhaps be greater than before. If that is so, the annual surplus will be less, and the amount available for extending the business will be smaller. The effect of a stock dividend in the long run, then, is to increase annual dividends and so to increase the sum that is subject to the income tax, but to retard somewhat the growth of the business itself.

It does not capitalize fictitious values; it simply expresses in terms of capital real property that always belonged to the stockholders but that was previously held as an undistributed surplus.

The reason that so many corporations have lately taken to declaring stock dividends is that the various boards of directors fear that Congress is likely before long to place a new tax on surplus funds; and since the Supreme Court decided three years ago that stock dividends are not taxable as income, since they merely represent a redistribution of capital, the way presented itself to get rid of the inviting surpluses before the tax collector should levy upon them. The process is not calculated to make business any more sound and healthy; but the first instinct of men and of corporations is to pay no more taxes than they have to pay. If humanity ever outgrows that instinct, it will not be for a long time.

### INDUSTRIOUS PEOPLE

PHYSIOLOGISTS say that man was not intended by nature to apply himself unremittently for any considerable period to any manual or mental task, and that one of the great difficulties in the modern industrial system is to overcome what is for human beings a natural disability. Intervals of rest or distraction are necessary for everyone; but the frequency and length of the intervals and the use to which they are put vary with everyone. And on those variations success or failure, happiness or unhappiness, may largely be predicted.

For the healthy person the best way to rest is to do something. Manual occupation or physical activity is the best form of relaxation for those whose work is mental; and mental or a different physical activity is the best form of relaxation for those whose work is manual. The people who don't know what to do with their spare moments or half hours or holidays or who pass them in a discontented indolence derive no benefit from their opportunities. They might well envy those who hurry home eagerly to a good book to read, or something to make or build, or a musical instrument on which to practice, or a boy—or even a dog—to exercise. Most of those who are without a resource seek amusement in unwholesome ways. To be without a resource is to be lazy. People who are not lazy discover resources and enjoy them.

Industrious people have their worries and their troubles, but they are not subjugated by them. They get happiness out of life, and they don't sadden or irritate the world with lamentations over their misfortunes. Indeed, the great virtue of the industrious person is not that he works and produces—excellent merit though that is—but that he doesn't whine and complain.

### PARTY LINES OBSCURE

PARTY government can be efficiently successful only when the party in power is made up of voters who think alike. It is a commonplace that men are divided into conservatives and liberals, progressives,

radicals,—whatever we choose to call them,—and that parties are formed and exist on that basis. But "paramount" issues occasionally drive men temporarily into a party to which they do not naturally belong, and after the issue is decided they do not always hasten to return. Similarly, when events are bringing new issues into prominence many men find themselves in disagreement with the main body of their party, but not yet ready to desert it. They regard it as better policy to try to bring the party to their own way of thinking by using their independent action as a warning of impending disaster and defeat unless the majority yields to their view. The result is that neither party is ever either purely conservative or purely radical, and the admixture in varying proportions from time to time renders party government difficult.

We seem now to be approaching a crisis in party politics similar, and yet not closely similar, to others that have occurred since the Civil War. It must be borne in mind that in that time the Republicans have been in the main the conservative party and the Democrats the party that has advocated changes. The Southern people, for reasons of their own and not because there are no conservatives among them, have always acted with the Democrats, and their action has steadily weakened the conservative element in the electorate.

Some of the issues that have caused derangement and shifting of party lines have originated with one party and some with the other, but all of them, whether successful or not, have resulted either in a temporary or in a permanent loss to the Republicans. The greenback inflation question, the Granger movement, the Populist agitation, the demand for free silver, the reforms advocated and pressed by Roosevelt, the overthrow of the caucus and convention system and the substitution of the direct primary and the associated institutions of the initiative and the referendum are examples of the movements that have affected the results of many elections. The tariff is a perennial issue, but it has worked in favor of each party in turn.

It is significant that most of those movements originated and had their greatest extension and sway in the Middle West. That is true of what is now occurring. An increasing group of public men—increasing because they have a great body of their constituents behind them—are conscious of serious economic difficulties resulting, as they think, from removable causes. Besides the measures by which they propose to remove those causes, they advocate other general legislation of a character that is popularly classed as "radical." The whole movement originated in the ranks of the Republicans of the Middle West. The engineers and leaders of it are Senators whom recent elections have so increased in number that with Democratic help they make at least uncertain the control of affairs by the still conservative Senators against whom they are in revolt.

That is the situation. How it will turn out, time will show. The free-silver movement failed; the Roosevelt reforms were in the main successful. The insurgents of today are intending to work within their party and bring it over to their way of thinking. If they succeed, they will hold to the party designation. If they fail, they may find their political associates too conservative for them and go over to the other side. Predictions as to the ultimate result are valueless. There is no form of words that expresses the difference between a Democrat and a Republican; why then should a man hesitate to change his label if he becomes dissatisfied with the party with which he has been working?



### CURRENT EVENTS

SENATOR BORAH'S powerful advocacy of an international conference on economic reconstruction and disarmament led to a debate in the Senate that is comparable to some of the great oratorical displays of bygone days. Mr. Borah with his characteristic independence of thought and action took a course that separated him not only from many of the leaders of his party but also from most of that group of "irreconcilables," both Republican and Democratic, who were so strongly opposed to any participation by the United States in the League of Nations or in any other international organization. The Harding administration is, by common report in Washington, moving toward something of



the kind that Mr. Borah wants, but its spokesman on the floor of the Senate opposed his resolution on the ground that it was forcing the hand of the Secretary of State and demanding something that it might not prove to be possible or wise to ask for.

THE little cottage at Shallowford, England, in which Izaak Walton lived and wrote the Compleat Angler has been bought and will be endowed as a shrine and a place of pilgrimage for fishermen the world over. Izaak Walton was a convinced lover of the sport of angling, but he can hardly have dreamed that more than two centuries after his death the modest little house in which he wrote his modest little book would be so highly valued. But fishermen are a devoted band, and their veneration for the first articulate lover of their craft is deep.

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THE Census Bureau is at work on the estimate that it makes every ten years of the wealth of the United States. It is a task of considerable difficulty to collect the required information. Much of it can be got easily and directly from corporations or business concerns, but census inspectors must visit every county in the nation and consult the assessors' lists in thousands of communities. A special effort will be made to find out just how much wealth is invested in tax-exempt securities, owing to the Administration's proposal to stop the issuing of any bonds of that sort.

FOR some weeks it appeared that the Turks at Lausanne were more interested in doing away with all foreign legal privileges in Turkey than in any specific territorial adjustments. Ismet Pasha was determined to abolish the "capitulations" and to reject the right of any nation to interfere in the treatment of minorities in Turkey. He was amenable to argument on all questions of Turkish control over outlying non-Turkish parts of the old Ottoman Empire. But over Mosul he came to a distinct clash with Lord Curzon. Mosul is the centre of a rich oil district. Great Britain is there and does not mean to leave. It has turned over the government of the region to King Feisal of Irak and holds valuable oil concessions

from him. But the Turks took the position that Mosul ought to belong not to Irak but to Turkey. They promised to let the British oil men stay, but they wanted to run the affairs of the district. The British, who would much prefer Feisal to Mustapha Kemal as a landlord, insisted that Mosul must belong to Irak. The question will be settled before this item is read—unless it leads to the break-up of the conference. It will be interesting and instructive to see how the struggle comes out.

THE Woodrow Wilson fund, subscribed by friends and admirers of the former President, was formally established on Mr. Wilson's sixty-sixth birthday. The fund now amounts to eight hundred thousand dollars, and it is believed that it will be increased by later subscriptions to at least a million dollars. The fund will be administered by trustees, who are to use the income in making awards to those who "render meritorious service to democracy, public welfare, liberal thought or peace through justice." The Wilson fund suggests that bequeathed to the world by Alfred Nobel, but, unlike the Nobel fund, it does not recognize scientific or literary achievement. Its awards are meant to offer a blue ribbon for eminence in government and in political thought.

ONE of the oldest and most famous printing firms in New York, which has in the past done as fine and artistic bookwork as has ever been done in this country, has gone out of business. The president of the concern says that under present conditions in the printing trade it is impossible to get workmen who can do the sort of work by which the firm made its reputation, and that, even if the men could be found, there is no longer any real appreciation of really fine printing or demand for it.

THE persistent difference between the views of the British and the Continental members of the reparations commission appeared again when against the vote of Sir John Bradbury the commission declared that Germany is in default in the delivery of wood and lumber to France. There was no dispute about the facts in the case, but the British representative thought that there were extenuating circumstances that entitled Germany to expect some leniency. The French, the Belgian and the Italian representatives did not agree with him. The swing of the Italian delegate over to the side of France is worth noticing and thinking about. President Poincaré is in favor of occupying some of the German national forests and taking the lumber that is needed. If the Paris conference does not succeed in bringing France and Great Britain together, we must expect France to try to collect something from Germany by force.

GERMANY has issued one trillion marks in paper currency. Think of it! This is the way it looks in figures: 1,000,000,000,000. Every week the amount issued increases; the curve of inflation is still upward. More than one hundred billion marks were printed in one week in December. The entire circulation of currency in Germany before the war was less than one tenth of the amount issued in that one week. Eventually Germany, which seems to have forgotten all it used to know about sound finance, may copy the naïve Russian method of scaling down its currency. The soviet government has issued a "ruble of 1923" each one of which is by enactment worth one million rubles of any previous issue.

AN English House of Commons is more representative of the whole body of the people than an American House of Representatives. Congress consists largely of lawyers with a sprinkling of farmers, manufacturers and business men. In the new House of Commons there are eighty lawyers, but there are eighty-three trade-union officials and fifty-seven artisans or trade workers. There are thirty journalists and writers, twenty-five merchants, twenty-two landowners and eleven farmers, twenty engineers, seven brewers and distillers, fifty-one men in financial pursuits, thirty shipowners, thirty-seven manufacturers, nine doctors, forty-six army or navy officers, six contractors, two housewives and a clergyman. The size of the trade-union group is the most remarkable thing to be observed. There are almost as many of that group as there are of merchants, manufacturers, shipowners, bankers, brokers and company directors combined.

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# THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

## THE LITTLE BROWN HEN

A Play in Three Acts

BY ELEANOR FAIRCHILD PEASE

### CHARACTERS

BRUN, a steady, honest boy.  
KYRLE, his brother.  
GRETA, who lives in a cottage on the other side of the forest.  
GOODY GRAMPIN, Greta's foster mother.  
A LITTLE BROWN HEN.

### ACT I

(The kitchen in the home of Kyrle and Brun. Brun is seated beside a table with his head resting on his hands. Kyrle strides in, throws his hat and riding whip on the table and begins to walk up and down.)

KYRLE. I tell you the whole place is mine. When a man dies without making a will all of his property goes to his eldest son; and you know that I am older than you.

(He pauses. Brun lifts his head and looks at him steadily.)

BRUN. This house and the cottage on the other side of the forest and the bag of silver coins—are they all to be yours? Am I to have nothing?

KYRLE (picking up his hat and whip). I think that all the possessions should be kept together. You may live here with me if you choose; if not, you will have to go forth and seek your own fortunes.

BRUN (rising). That is what I shall do. (Starts to leave the room.)

KYRLE. Stay. There is one thing on the place that you are welcome to.

BRUN. What may that be?

KYRLE. The little brown hen. She is a shabby little fowl, and I shall be well rid of her.

BRUN. She was our mother's pet. I will take her and do what I can for her.

(He goes to the door and gives a clucking call. Presently a little brown hen hops over the sill and walks up to him, pecking at the floor as she comes.)

BRUN. Do you want to go out into the world with me, little brown hen?

(The little hen looks up at him and flaps her wings as if to say yes.)

BRUN. You will often be hungry, and you may get very tired.

(The little hen walks round him, turns her head first to one side and then to the other and sings contentedly. Brun puts his hat on and turns to the door. The hen follows him.)

BRUN. Well, I must be gone. Good-by, Kyrle.

KYRLE (looking a little shamefaced). Good-by, Brun. You are welcome to visit here at any time. (There is a knock at the door.) Hark! Who is that? (Brun opens the door. Greta enters; she is holding a handkerchief up to her eyes.)

KYRLE (sharply). What is the matter? Have you brought the rent for your cottage?

GRETA. Nay, I have come to ask that you have pity on us. My foster mother and I have no money with which to pay the rent, but kindly give us a few days more and perhaps we shall be able to get the money.

KYRLE. What, give you more time when the rent is already two months overdue! That would be but poor thrift!

GRETA (pleadingly). Only give us two days more.

BRUN (turning to Kyrle). You can do that, brother. They are poor and needy, and you have plenty. (Turning to Greta.) Had I any

money I would gladly help you, but I am even now going out into the world to seek my fortune.

KYRLE (who has been counting on his fingers). Well, two days more, then; but mind you, no longer.

GRETA (wipes her eyes and curtsies). Oh, thank you! We will do our best.

(She turns to leave the room but Brun calls her.)

BRUN. Stop a minute. Have you nothing?

GRETA (shaking her head). Our food is almost gone and we have no money.

BRUN (slowly). I have only this little brown hen. (He calls the hen, which has wandered to another part of the room. The hen comes singing.) Take her. Keep her if you can; sell her if you must. I cannot see you left in utter want. (He looks sadly at the little hen.)

GRETA (stoops down and puts her hand on the little hen's back). Oh, thank you for your kindness, oh, thank you indeed! (She calls the hen, which follows her, and turns to go out of the door, but stops suddenly. To Brun:) If you are going out into the world, why do you not join the search for the princess who wandered away and was lost last year? If you should find her, the king and queen would smile again.

BRUN. That I will.

KYRLE (looks up with interest). Which way do they think the princess wandered?

GRETA (eying him scornfully). If they had known that, they might have found her by now. (Turns to Brun.) Good-by and good fortune! (She goes out, followed by the little brown hen.)

BRUN. Good-by, and may all go well with you.

KYRLE (laughing). So you think you will find the lost princess, Brun!

BRUN. At least I can try. I shall start today.

End of Act I.

### ACT II

(Inside Goody Grampin's cottage. Goody Grampin sits rocking. Suddenly Greta opens the door and runs in.)

GRETA. O Goody Grampin, our landlord

has given us two more days in which to find money for the rent!

GOODY (frowning and shaking her head). Two days, my child! Where can we find the money in two days? Alas, we shall have to leave our dear home, I fear! (Covers her face with her hands.)

GRETA. O Goody, do not cry. I am sure the money will come somehow. And besides, something good has happened. I have had a present.

GOODY (starting up from her chair in surprise). A present!

GRETA. Yes a fine present and so useful! (She runs to the door and clucks to the little brown hen. The hen comes sauntering in.)

GOODY. Ah, a hen! That is indeed a good gift. Now we shall have some eggs.

GRETA. I will make a nest for her in the chimney corner behind the house. (She leads the hen out while Goody Grampin rocks and sings to herself. From without, after a pause, Greta says:) Goody, I've made a lovely nest. (She enters again.) And, Goody, the boy who gave me the hen is going out into the world to seek his fortune. I asked him why he did not go to look for the princess, and he said that that was just what he would do.

(She walks about the room, arranging books and moving the chairs about. The curtain falls to indicate the passing of twenty-four hours. It rises on the same scene. Goody Grampin is putting a loaf of dry bread on the table; there is no other food to be seen. Greta enters with a pail of water. Suddenly there is a cackling outside.)

GRETA (setting her pail down hurriedly). I know what that means. (She runs outside and returns presently with something hidden in her apron.) Guess what I have here, Goody!

GOODY GRAMPIN. A flower?

GRETA (shakes her head). No.

GOODY GRAMPIN. Not the little brown hen?

GRETA. No, but an egg that the little brown hen has laid for us. The good little hen! You have been so hungry, Goody, I will cook the egg for you right away.

(She takes from the cupboard a frying pan and a knife. Holding the egg up, she cracks it sharply with the knife. It breaks open and a dozen gold pieces come clattering into the pan. Greta stands in astonishment with the knife in one hand and the empty eggshell in the other.)

GOODY GRAMPIN (holding up her hands in wonder). Why, what is this? Gold?

DRAWINGS BY BEATRICE M. ADAMS



"Heaven be praised! It is the lost princess"

GRETA (picking up the coins and letting them run through her fingers). Real gold. O Goody Grampin, gold enough to pay our rent and to buy food! What a dear little hen!

GOODY GRAMPIN. And what a strange one! But now we shall be able to stay in our home.

End of Act II.

### ACT III

(Inside Goody Grampin's cottage a year later. There is new furniture in the room, and Greta and Goody Grampin are better dressed and look happy. Greta is peeling potatoes. Goody goes to a shelf and takes down a jar, which she places on the table.)

GOODY. I think it is time to count the money now, for a year has passed since you brought home the little brown hen.

GRETA. How good she has been to us, laying eggs full of gold pieces! I am glad we have saved most of the money to turn over to Brun.

GOODY. Yes, child; it is here for him whenever he comes back. (She pours out a shower of gold pieces on the table.)

GRETA. He said he might come back in a year. Oh, I do hope he has had good fortune, for surely he brought good fortune to us. I wonder whether he knew the little hen laid magic eggs? If not, how astonished he will be! (It thunders loudly.)

GOODY. Hark, we are going to have a storm!

(Greta runs to the door and looks out.)

GRETA. It is very dark outside; a big rain is coming. I must bring in the poor little hen; she might be drowned.

(She goes out and returns with the little hen following her. The hen walks over into a corner and huddles there.)

GOODY. I hope there are no travelers on the road in a storm like this.

(She sits down and rocks while Greta picks up the pan of potatoes again. The thunder grows louder, and there is a sound of rain. In the midst of the storm there is a knock. Greta runs and opens the door, and Brun comes in. He is shaking off drops of water and breathing hard as if he had been running.)

GRETA. Brun! You have come back from your search! Oh, did you find the princess?

BRUN (shaking his head and sinking wearily into a chair). No, I did not find the princess, though I searched for her far and wide. I have had a hard time earning my living, but still I have managed to get along. But now I am out of work. (Leans forward on the table and lays his head on his arms.) I have not been successful; neither the princess nor my fortune have I found.

GOODY (goes over to him and pats him on the head). But, my dear boy, you brought us good fortune. See! (She clinks the gold coins and holds up a handful of them.) All this is yours.

BRUN (raising his head). Mine?

GRETA. You can thank the little brown hen for it. She laid us eggs full of gold. We saved the gold for you; now you need worry no longer.

(The storm continues. Suddenly there is a loud clap of thunder. The door flies open, and Kyrle stumbles in. His coat and hat are streaming with rain, and he looks very forlorn. Brun springs to his feet and holds out his hand.)

BRUN. Why, where did you come from, Kyrle?

KYRLE (hanging his head). From searching





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high and low for the lost princess. But I met a strange woman in the forest who told me that I should never find the princess because I was thinking only of the reward. Then I turned homeward, but the storm overtook me.

(There is a tremendous peal of thunder. Goody, Greta and the two brothers stare at one another. Suddenly the little brown hen comes running from the corner. She stops, throws off her brown covering and stands revealed as a beautiful young girl. The others stand speechless for a while.)

GRETA. Why, little brown hen!

BRUN. Can this be the little hen that I left when I went away?

GOODY GRAMPIN. Heaven be praised! It is the lost princess.

(Greta runs and takes the princess by the hand.)

GRETA. How can this wonderful thing be?

THE PRINCESS. It happened in this way: Two years ago, while I was riding through the Enchanted Forest, my horse stepped in a spring and muddled the waters. The old witch who owned the spring was very angry. She turned me into a little brown hen. "You will be a princess no more," she told me, "until you have received great kindnesses." No one, she said, was likely to be kind to a poor little brown hen. But I wandered to the home of Brun's mother, and ever since then I have received great kindness. And now the spell is broken. (They gather round her, all but Kyrle, who still stands apart with his head hung low.) And now I must go back to my parents.

GRETA. Can you not stay a little longer?

THE PRINCESS. No, but you and Goody Grampin shall come to live with me. Brun, too, shall have a high place in my castle.

(She turns and glances at Kyrle, and Greta's look follows hers.)

GRETA. Poor Kyrle.

THE PRINCESS. Kyrle, do not look so downcast. Let us all be friends again.

(Brun goes over and lays his hand on Kyrle's shoulder. Greta goes and takes him by the hand and leads him up to the princess. Goody Grampin raises her hand in thankfulness.)

GOODY GRAMPIN. To think that I should live to see such good fortune!

BRUN. And all through—

GRETA. A little brown hen!

The success of this little play will depend largely on the way the actors take their parts. They should be earnest and animated; they should feel free to use their imagination and put as much life and action as possible into the different scenes.

The setting and the costumes are simple. The room in Kyrle's house is comfortable looking; the room in Goody Grampin's cottage is plainly furnished in the second act but made more attractive in the third. Kyrle and Brun are dressed like boys of three hundred years ago—Brun in shabby peasant clothes, Kyrle in a rich velvet suit. Greta and Goody Grampin appear first in simple clothes and later in more attractive ones. The costume for the hen can be made out of any rough brown material. The princess is dressed in a handsome brocaded gown and wears a gold band round her brow. The magic egg can be made by chipping a hole at one end of an ordinary egg, removing the contents and filling the empty shell with bright new one-cent pieces, and then by sealing the hole with a piece of paper.

On receipt of a two-cent stamp the Editor of the Children's Page will be glad to send directions for making the costume for the hen.

## THE TOUCH OF KWANNON

By Blanche Elizabeth Wade

THE wind was blowing through the sedges of a little toy Japanese garden in Jean's room. There was snow outside, and the wind blowing through the window was cold and chill. But in the little garden it was summer time, as anyone could tell by looking.

"Swish," said the little sedges softly as they brushed together.

Jean looked from them to the snow outside and then turned to her mother. "I don't like Margerie Goodyear a speck," she said, with a little pout. "Why, she—"

Mother interrupted. "Jean, listen to the little sedges before you finish that sentence."

"Swish," said the sedges softly.

"I hear them," said Jean.

Mother closed the window and sat down by Jean near the little garden. "Do you see that image Uncle Gilbert brought from Japan?"

"Yes," replied Jean. "He said it was Kwannon."

"Yes, the goddess of mercy," said her mother. "She has great influence over the other things in your garden. I will tell you how it all came about. You see, Kwannon is placed under that ancient pine tree near the temple on the hill."

"Yes," said Jean.

"Well, once upon a time the pine tree became angry. He did not like the way the wind treated him, and so he tossed his branches in wrath. That made the great owl you see perched among the branches want to swoop down upon an innocent dove asleep on your temple roof. The dove was awakened by the noise of the branches and flew about wildly in the moonlight till morning. She wished to dash herself against the stork standing quietly near your little pool in the temple garden. The stork wished to peck the frog on the bank. The frog wished to splash into the pool and scare the carp. The carp wished to leap into the air and frighten the duck that swam upon the surface. The duck wished to fly off to the marshes and scare a little water hen hiding among the sedges, and the water hen wished to make such a commotion in the sedges that they would clash together with a horrid, unhappy sound. But something happened."

"Oh, what was it?" cried Jean.

"The pine tree in his wild tossing, bent so low that his rough branches brushed the little image there. Instead of being angry and making an end of the tree then and there, the gentle Kwannon merely raised one hand and touched the pine tree softly. That made the pine tree feel sorry, and he thought no more about the rudeness of the wind. The owl settled back into the branches and thought no more of harming the dove. The dove flew back to the temple roof and had no wish to dash herself against the stork. The stork stood once more quietly upon one leg at the edge of the pool and thought no more about pecking your good little frog. The frog decided not to splash into the pool to scare the carp. The great brown carp swam happily about and never once wished to leap into the air to scare the duck. The duck floated lazily upon the still surface of the water and had no wish to fly off to the marshes to frighten the little water hen, and the little water hen sat quietly among the sedges without stirring them up to clash madly together with a horrid, unhappy sound. That is why when I open the window again, as I do now, you hear their soft music. They are saying:

"Swish, swish; through the great pine tree by the far-off temple on the hill we have felt the touch of the gentle Kwannon, goddess of mercy. Swish, swish; we must speak gently that we may carry on that touch of mercy. Swish, swish."

Jean listened silently to the soft music.

"Oh," said her mother after a few seconds, "I think you were telling me something about Margerie Goodyear, dear. What was it?"

Jean hung her head. Then suddenly she lifted it and said with a smile, "Why, mother, I think it was only 'swish, swish.'"

## TWO MAMMOTH MISTAKES

By Minnie Leona Upton

The almanac, that volume solemn Which never says "Perhaps," "We guess," Or "Maybe," but in every column Is positive as great Queen Bess, Makes two mistakes so large and glaring It's really very strange and queer That editors, to faults unsparing, Should let them pass from year to year.

Why, 'tis enough quite to dishearten Some folks to read this statement through Which any child in kindergarten Would know at once must be untrue.

I mean, there where it says, (you've seen it) In June the longest days are here. Vacation days! No one could mean it; Why, they're the shortest of the year!

Then blunder number two: Remember When Christmas Day is most in sight, About the middle of December,

And you are counting day and night, When shopping's thrilling and mysterious, And folks have queer deceptive ways, That almanac (it can't be serious!) Declares those are the shortest days!



"The Little Nurse for Little Ills"

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## BURROWES

### JUNIOR POOL TABLES

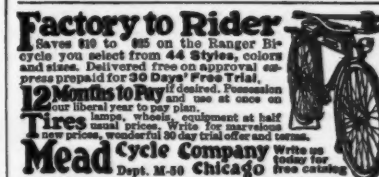
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## MY MOTHER

By Betty Haberle



My, but it makes a feller proud  
To have a mother just like you,  
The kind that when the kids come round  
You ain't ashamed to show 'em to;  
The kind that ain't afraid to cut  
Her still warm cake fer just us boys;  
The kind that knows before you're home  
Whether you're full of woes or joys.

Why, when the kids are going home  
They get me out on the front walk  
'N' say, "You lucky geezer, you!  
You lucky dog!" That's how they talk.  
'N' onct when I'd had a fight  
'N' nearly killed old Buzz Malone  
I kinda hung around downtown  
'N' didn't hardly dast go home.

My eye looked so! Some women would  
Have spent all night with poutice  
crumbs.

Ma only said when I came in,  
"Behold, the conquering hero comes!"  
My, but she's great! I told her all  
About it. When she heard 'twas Buzz  
She said, "Now you'll be better friends  
Than ever." 'N', cricky, so we was!

Why, honest Injun, when we kids  
Began to smoke corn-tassel stuff  
We used to smell all round each other  
To see if we was aired enough.  
'N' onct I wasn't. Mother's face  
Got kinda long, but she's a brick!  
She put her arm around me tight  
'N' asked, "It doesn't make you sick?"

Some of the kids wus most a week  
A-getting so as they could sit  
After their maws knew, but mine  
Said, "Oh, he'll get over it."  
'N' so I did. Say, ain't it queer  
How when you're sicker than the deuce  
You always want your mother near?  
Dale says he doesn't; what's the use?

But then his mother always says,  
"In sickness I'm not worth a dime."  
Fudge! I just wish that that old kid  
Could be sick with me sometime.  
Had measles onct 'n' fussed like heck!  
My composish laid on the shelf  
'N' ma was washin', but she stopped  
'N' took the thing to school herself.

I didn't get the prize, but then  
That night the kids came to my window  
'N' gazed about how old Prof.'s eyes  
Followed mother kinda—you know!  
'N' then one time we seen her run  
After a snake I swapped with Dale  
'N' cause she thought 'twould get away  
She grabbed the old thing by the tail!

Oh, say! But you should a saw  
The way Dale's eyes stuck out that day.  
'N' next day when he told the kids  
The kids all said, "Some pal, I'll say!"  
Why I could tell her anything  
About my girl 'n' what I trapped  
'N' how I had to climb a pole  
To get my new kite tail unwrapped.

My dad I haven't ever knowed,  
But I don't guess I miss him bad,  
For my, my mother's been about  
As fine a one as could be had.  
I only hope when I grow up  
Her kind of man I'll learn to be,  
For I should like to be to her  
The kind of pal she's been to me.

## NEW BATTERIES

WHEN she asked why her doorbell was not working properly, the answer was: "Your batteries need renewing." A few days later when she got the batteries the doorbell was as good as new.

She was naturally of a pleasant and kindly disposition, but many cares and hard work through the hot summer months had so used up her strength and her nerves that she found herself doing and saying things that amazed her, and frequently she would catch the rest of the family looking at her strangely. There was something wrong,—she knew that,—but she did not realize what it was.

One day when she was talking to the family doctor she asked him just what her trouble was. He looked at her keenly for a moment. Then he replied, "Your batteries need renewing!" She looked up with a start, but he continued evenly: "That vacation you were going to take late in the fall must come right now. You are not in any special danger yet, but by late fall you will be. If you want to be on the safe side you had better renew those batteries right away. And don't forget that you have two-cell batteries. You have a physical and a spiritual store of cells that need renewing. Neither set will do without the other. The Sabbath, instead of being for you a day of rest, has always been your busiest day,

and I know that you have had little time for meditation and spiritual culture. It is the soul that feeds the body, and the soul may starve and wear out just as the body may. Nothing has gone wrong with your body or soul but what can be cured. Your body needs rest, and your soul needs to feed in the green pastures and to lie by the still waters with the Good Shepherd. Try it and you will come back as good as new."

## OLD CHINA MENDED

FREDA found the place at last. The window had in it the picture of a quaint teapot and the legend, "China Mended." A young man who limped badly came from the back room and took the vase in his long fingers. "Oh, yes, I can mend it easily," he said in answer to her first question.

Freda drew a breath of relief. "Oh, I'm so glad! You see, it wasn't mine." "They generally aren't," he replied, smiling. "Nine tenths of the things that are brought in are borrowed. It's a risky business, borrowing." "You don't think I borrowed that?" exclaimed Freda. "Oh, no; it belongs to my great-aunt. I broke the old thing dusting. You couldn't pay me enough to keep it in the house if it were mine."

"Well, now, it isn't so bad," said the young man. "I've seen lots worse things in the shop windows. I can understand how an old lady would be fond of it. I'll do my best for her and have it ready Tuesday."

"You've taken a load off my mind anyhow," Freda replied.

Perhaps it was because the load was gone that she saw more when she returned on Tuesday; at any rate she noticed a couple of photographs of boys in khaki. She knew then what the limp meant.

"Can you find the break?" the man asked with quiet pride as he handed her the vase.

"Why, it's wonderful!" Freda cried. And then, "You like to do it, don't you?" she said.

He nodded. "Yes, I like it, though there was a time when nobody could have persuaded me that I ever should. I like doing a good job, and when it's a difficult one there's all the more fun. This? Oh, fifty cents. Nothing difficult about this!"

"Fifty cents," Freda said to herself as she went down the stairs, "and a good lesson thrown in!" Well, she would profit by it. She would learn to like doing the petty though necessary things. She would not be a slacker!

## SENATOR SUMNER'S MISTAKES

THE poet Longfellow was a particular friend of Senator Charles Sumner, an outstanding figure during the period of the Civil War. Sumner frequently called at Longfellow's house in Cambridge, where naturally he became known to Ernest, one of the poet's children. Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow gives us in his recently published reminiscences some interesting glimpses of the distinguished Senator.

Sumner, says Mr. Longfellow, was a man more than six feet in height, of a genial temperament, but somewhat wanting in humor; he took himself very seriously. He almost always wore a frock coat and a white waistcoat with check trousers and white spats quite in the English statesman's style. He was rather awe-inspiring to us children and had a way of resting his hand affectionately upon our heads and then, as he forgot himself in conversation, gradually bearing down till we, who at first did not dare to move, at last gave way under the pressure.

One amusing incident in relation to Sumner I must not forget. My father had had a shower bath constructed in his dressing room. One day as he was showing it with pride to Sumner he explained that merely by pulling a cord you could make the water descend; whereupon, without thinking, Sumner pulled the cord just to see—and of course was drenched! Alas, for the dignified Sumner!

Another story, which Sumner used to tell against himself, relates to one of his voyages to Europe. As the guest of honor on board the vessel he had a seat on the right hand of the captain; those were the days when the captain sat at the head of a long table and carved the roast himself. Sumner had been ill for three days, but at last dragged himself up for dinner, though he was a little late. Later in the meal the captain called loudly for the steward and wanted to know where the beef gravy was.

"Please, sir," the steward replied, indicating the Senator, "this gentleman has eaten it, thinking it was the soup."

Whereupon Sumner retired, more sick than before.

## THE CHAP BOOK

AT one of the secondhand bookshops on Vesey Street, writes Mr. Christopher Morley in the New York Evening Post, we found a fat little book bound in scarlet leather. On the cover in gold letters we read, "Chap Record." It sounded rather an unusual title for a novel, and so we picked it up.

It proved to be a sort of album and apparently was intended for a young woman's use; there were certain forms in it to enable her to keep account of the young men she met. The frontispiece showed a graceful young gentleman clad in Sunday-morning elegance that seemed to us to be of the mode of 1895 or thereabouts. His general

style was not unlike that of Sherlock Holmes's Dr. Watson, if you remember the drawings in the old editions. The title-page read:

## CHAP RECORD

Behold herein, all nice and neat,  
A record of the men I meet;  
Among them all perhaps may be,—  
Who know?—the "not impossible" He.

The first page bore the printed heading, The Twelve Most Notable Chaps. We began to suspect a little romance when we read the way the blanks were filled in. Thus:

Handsomest—Bert  
Youngest—Melvin Jacobs  
Oldest—Arthur Ezekiel  
Best Name—Bert  
Most Fascinating—Bert  
Best Talker—Bert  
Best Eyes—Bert  
Homeliest—Barney Rubin  
Wittiest—Bert  
Most Sarcastic—  
Most Hopeless—  
The One—Bert

It certainly looks as if Bert had romped through the field without any severe competition. Not Barney Rubin or Melvin Jacobs or Arthur Ezekiel seems to have been at all dangerous. Nevertheless, we were startled when we looked into the body of the book. On all those clean pages, with room on each for the annotation of four "chaps," there was only one entry. It ran:

Name—Bertram Ezekiel  
Date—January ninth  
Place—Eureka Dance  
Opinion—Best Ever

Greatly disappointed, we looked carefully all through the book, but no one else was mentioned. And then on the flyleaf we found an inscription that we had overlooked. It was in quite a different hand and read: "To Belle from Bert."

Cunning Bert! He didn't give Belle the fat little album, we fear, until he felt pretty sure of himself. It wasn't quite sporting. And yet—why did Belle sell the book?

## CROWING OVER THE CAT

THE crow is wise and self-possessed. In his occasional dealings with a cat he usually treats his would-be assassin as merely an annoying pest—a thing to be tolerated. Once in a while, however,—so we learn from Mr. H. J. Massingham in Some Birds of the Countryside,—the crow loses his temper.

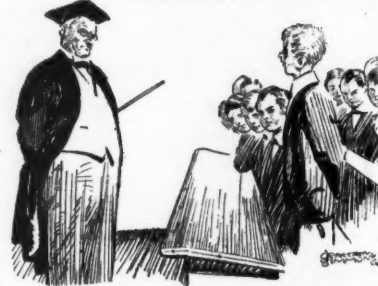
One afternoon, writes Mr. Massingham, I saw four crows ambling about some fifty paces from me and also what seemed to be the tail of another coming out from behind a tussock. But the thing was no tail at all; it proved to be a black cat that was much interested in the crows. He would stalk one of them and then make a flying leap for him. What did the crow do? He gazed contemptuously at the cat and when the assassin was almost upon him gravely took a couple of sideways hops out of reach and turned his back.

Again and again the cat rushed, and each time one of the crows evaded him with a mixture of ease, calm and mildness and an air of "What ails you, my good friend?" that was ludicrously discomposing to the cat. The other crows, which in feeding had made a circle round the animal, either took no notice of him at all or threw an occasional compassionate glance at him. Now and then they all stopped feeding and gazed at him as we might gaze at some person who is making a fool of himself without being aware of it. At no time was the cat more than three or four yards distant from any of the birds. Finally he simply gave up trying to catch one of them and retired, looking so crestfallen that the crows, watching his departure, seemed to pity him more than ever.

One day some time later I saw the same black cat stalking a solitary crow that with his back turned was feeding on the plowland. Suddenly the bird looked round and saw his enemy. It was too much! The crow gave a shout of rage and, leaping into the air, hovered several feet above the cat and then made swoops to within a few inches of his nose and whiskers. All the while the cat sat back on his haunches as if attacked by a dog.

Finding that he would not move, the crow went higher and began to trumpet caws for all he was worth. Then, behold, from different quarters came a reinforcement of two crows, shouting

## CORRECT!



Master—How many continents are there?

Pupils—Five.

Master—Enumerate them.

Pupils—One, two, three, four, five.

—Graham Simmons in the Sketch.

encouragement to the solitary warrior. Having joined forces, the three swooped down close to the cat and, fluttering their wings, sang their hoarse battle songs. Whereupon the cat turned tail, walked, trotted, galloped and finally bolted headlong. The triumphant crows pursued him right into the street two hundred yards away and then abandoned the chase.

## THE GUARDIAN OF THE POOLS

PERHAPS the most curious rock in the Black Hills of South Dakota is the one known as the Guardian of the Pools. Like most of the surrounding rocks, it is of granite; unlike other rocks, however, it closely resembles the sculptured bust of a man. From the ground to



The Guardian has a hard, grim look

the top of the wavy pompadour is a distance of fourteen feet. Seen for the first time, the bust is startling.

The Guardian stands in Sunday Gulch, perhaps three fourths of a mile north of Sylvan Lake and ten miles from the town of Custer. He appears to be guarding the falls and pool that the stream flowing from the lake has formed. It would be interesting to know for how many centuries he has kept his silent watch and who first discovered him. We wonder just why he holds his mouth so tightly closed. Perhaps he is the guardian also of some terrible secret. Perhaps, like the Sphinx, he has a riddle to ask.

## MR. PEASLEE HELPS THE DEACON'S RHEUMATISM

CALEB PEASLEE was making a neighborly call on Deacon Hyne, who for three weeks had been immovable with rheumatism. "Seems to me," the deacon complained, "you might drop in a mite oftener, Kellup. Here I be, handfast to this rockin'-chair, and the best you can do is to look in once a week mebbe to see whether I'm livin' or dead."

Mr. Peaslee stroked his nose reflectively and seemed to be counting. "Today's a Friday," he said, "and I was in yest'day and on a Tuesday and a Monday; that's four times within a week with two days to come yet. I don't foller you quite when you say I only get in to see you once a week."

The deacon reddened guiltily. "The time goes so slow," he pleaded in excuse. "There ain't a namable thing a man can find to do but jest set here like a basswood image and wait for times to mend. It thorns me past bearin' sometimes, and I welcome anybody comin' in to take my mind off'n myself."

Mr. Peaslee pondered for several minutes. "I wonder, Hyne," he ventured at last, "if you'd be interested in hearin' something 'bout Uncle Giles Brewer. He was all but bedrid for years; never went out of the house after the fust shock took him."

The deacon moved his head impatiently. "You can tell me, I s'pose," he replied, "and I won't have any choice but to listen."

"Well," said Mr. Peaslee easily, "I'll start in, but if it peters you too much tell me, and I'll quit. Mebbe, though, you'll find something in it to rouse you up a speck."

"Mebbe I will," grunted the deacon in a way that showed his firm belief to the contrary.

"Uncle Giles," Caleb said slowly, "was tied to the house for years, as I say. I used to go in to see him once in a while—not four times a week nor anything like it; more likely once a month or once in six weeks. He never was a gre't hand at complainin' even at the fust, but as time went on he got even more chipper, and he'd almost act as if he didn't find the days long 'nough to satisfy him. It was so plain to me that he didn't find time draggin' that I fin'ly got curious 'nough to inquire into it; I wanted to know where he got his liveliness from."

"So one day when he seemed more like an eager boy than he did like an old man tied to a chair for life I up and asked him plump and plain what made him so cheerful under a trouble that would fret me sick if I had to undergo it. And then he told me all about it."

"When I fust was taken with this shock, Kellup," says he, "I s'pose I was as near givin' up as a man can come and not do it. For the fust two days I sot here and wondered if the night'd ever come and let me get shut of the daylight and of folks goin' and comin' spy and active same's



I used to be; an' then when night come I'd lay awake and wish for daylight so I could get rid of myself thinkin'. Those two days I was hard to please.

"I s'pose I might have gone on that way day after day, gettin' wuss all the time, if it hadn't happened the third day I was settin' here in this very winder, and I looked out and caught sight of a rooster we had here, a lame one I'd run over with the farm wagon in the spring and hurt his leg so he never got to use it real good afterward. He could drag it along and make out to stiddy himself on it, but it wa'n't any good to scratch with nor to run on; jest about as near helpless as I was, the rooster was.

"Well, I fell to watchin' him, havin' nothin' better to do as I understood it then; mebbe I got to feelin' some sympathy for him, seein' I was as helpless as him or more so. In a few minutes I begun to git interested to see him. He couldn't scratch, but he'd dig like fury with his bill, and when he turned out a worm no rooster with two good legs could grab a worm any quicker. He hopped round as cheerful as a sparrer on his one good leg, diggin' like all-p'sessed when he found good ground, and it tickled me to see him. And then when I'd got to where I was thinkin' almost nothin' about my troubles, bein' so took up with his actions, he did somethin' that drove the lesson home!

"He'd turned out an angleworm that looked to be a finger length long, and he went to callin' loud as he could, and in a minute a hen drove round the corner, and he stood back and let her have the worm, seemin' to be proud as a peacock over it too. Then he straightened up on his one good leg and crowed!

"Kellup, Uncle Giles said, 'I took my resolve right then and there. I thought to myself I wouldn't be outdone by no rooster; I had a thinkin' mind and two good hands left, and I'd use 'em. And I have,' he says. 'I can't plant and dig, but I can scour pans; and my wife tells me she ain't ever had so easy a time since we kept house. And I can help her a lot with the cookin'; everything that can be done settin' down I can do. And I can braid rags for rugs. I've learnt to do a dozen things I'd never have learnt if I'd kept my powers of walkin',' he says. 'And the way I do is this: I lay out a little mite more to do each day than'd be possible for a man that had all his limbs to use; and in that way a day's never long enough for me to git all done I want to. I ain't never hankered for night to come once since that day; and every night I sleep like a top, knowin' the next day'll be busy and full for me.

"As a matter of fact, Kellup," he says, kind of 'shamed like, 'I ought not to be takin' so much time with you this minute; I've got to stone a peck of cherries for my wife, and, bein' extra work, it bites into my day some.' So I took the hint," concluded Mr. Peaslee, "and come away and left him."

The deacon was silent for some time. Then he spoke without raising his head. "Much obliged, Kellup," he said. "I wish you'd drop in again, say some day next week, and see how I'm gettin' on. I've got a thought in my head, but I ain't got that rooster to watch."

#### ADVENTURES IN PIGS

THE stories about animals that have appeared in The Companion have prompted a reader to send some of his experiences with pigs.

When we moved to the farm, he writes, we were all more or less inexperienced. The first amusing thing that happened was when a portly sow brought a fair-sized family into the world. She immediately showed cannibalistic tendencies that, if we were to save any of the youngsters at all, compelled our removing them from her presence. In order to feed them my mother found it easiest to take them into her lap one at a time and, after having wrapped the creature in a burlap bag so that only its snout projected, pour warm milk down its throat every time it opened its mouth to squeal. The struggling, squealing and "glubbing" can hardly be imagined unless you have heard a young pig squeal. Unfortunately, all the little pigs died.

The same sow had other disagreeable traits besides eating her offspring. She was so large and selfish that she would stand with all four feet in the trough at once and take her fill and then remain there so that the other pigs, which were afraid of her, should not eat. The best thing about the creature was the excellent way she acquitted herself in the form of sausage, pork and headcheese.

One day father decided that the pigs should be moved into winter quarters. He thought that by posting the members of the family along the intended route of march—about seventy-five feet—he could drive the pigs easily. But pigs are pig-headed. Ours insisted on going in the wrong direction. After many futile efforts father decided to drive them singly with a rope attached to a hind leg.

But the pigs refused to let a rope be attached to them. So father placed food in a small pail; whereupon a pig got its head stuck and then became panic-stricken, though it did not bolt before father had tied a rope round its leg.

Then the fun began. The pig finally dislodged its head and started to use the pail, which was full of large boulders, as a race course. Father was small, and the pig was strong. Father maintained his hold on the rope and followed the pig pell-mell round the pen until his spectators were almost in hysterics. The race ended by the pig's becoming exhausted and stumbling.

On another farm we owned a large red boar

that we named Mr. Murphy. Except on one occasion he was gentle and sage. He was always kind to some little pigs that used to come over to his pen and snuggle up to him and go to sleep. One of the clever things that he used to do was to open the catch on the patent gate to his yard and then go out to inspect the farm.

One day there was a terrible commotion in the pig yard, and on investigating I found that Mr. Murphy was very vociferously "swearing" at a wire fence in which he had accidentally hooked his two magnificent tusks. He was pulling with all his strength and was getting nowhere. It was a very disgruntled pig that walked down the yard after I had taken a stick to him from the rear so as to make him go forward enough to unhook his tusks.

#### THE MYSTERIOUS CHARGE

THE famous English actress, Fanny Kemble, made more than one visit to the United States and became extremely fond of the scenery among the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts. On one occasion she stayed at the little hotel in Stockbridge kept by a veteran Yankee innkeeper named Curtis.

On the first afternoon Mr. Curtis drove her to Great Barrington and pointed out all the things of historical and local interest along the way. Mrs. Kemble did not like his nasal twang or appreciate his information; so after a while she said, "Sirrah, sirrah, I hired you to drive me, not to talk to me."

Though Curtis felt greatly hurt, he said nothing, and for three weeks he drove her out every day without a word's passing between them. Finally one day Mrs. Kemble said:

"Mr. Curtis, I should like my bill tomorrow morning. I want to take the early stage for Boston."

After breakfast the next day she walked into the office, bill in hand and annoyance in her expression. "What is this singular charge I find at the foot of my bill: 'Sarse, 10 dollars?'"

"Why," replied Mr. Curtis, "that's the sarse ye gave me the first time I druv ye out."

"Oh," said Mrs. Kemble and laughingly paid the whole bill, and from that moment there began between them a lifelong happy and appreciative friendship and years of correspondence that lasted until Mr. Curtis's death.

Every year Mrs. Kemble stayed at his hotel on her visits to America, and every winter they wrote long letters to each other—and Mrs. Kemble disliked nothing more than writing letters.

#### AN ORANGE IN LAW

A LAWYER thus illustrates the language of his craft: If a man were to give another an orange he would simply say, "Have an orange." But, says the Argonaut, when the transaction is intrusted to a lawyer to be put into writing the lawyer adopts this form:

"I hereby give and convey to you, all and singular, my estate and interests, right, title, claim and advantages of and in said orange together with all its rind, juice, pulp and pips and all rights and advantages therein with full power to bite, cut, suck and otherwise eat the same or give the same away with or without the rind, skin, juice, pulp or pips, anything hereinbefore or hereinafter or in any other deed or deeds, instrument or instruments of whatever nature or kind whatsoever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding."

And then the chances are that another lawyer will come along and take the orange away from you.

#### A ROOSTER'S IDEA OF HUMOR

ONE morning as I was preparing breakfast, writes a contributor, I heard our rooster making the clucking noise that hens make when they have found something to eat and want the others to share it. Glancing out of the window, I saw him holding something down with his foot. Just then an old hen went running in answer to his calls.

With his bill he pointed out the object, which was a grasshopper; then just as she was reaching for it he himself picked it up and swallowed it! With an outraged squawk the hen flew straight at him and clawed at his head with both feet—but the grasshopper was gone.

I never before saw such an angry-looking hen or such a look of complacent satisfaction as that which the rooster wore as he flapped his wings and walked away. And why not? Had he not fooled the old hen?

#### TIME THAT HUNG HEAVY TOO!

WHILE traveling through Wyoming a few years ago, writes a contributor, I happened to pass a gang of convicts working on the road. They were dressed like ordinary workmen, and to a stranger there was nothing to indicate that they were prisoners.

While I was watching them work a large tourist automobile came along and became stuck in a mudhole. The driver got out and, calling to a prisoner who was working near by, said: "Hey, you there, have you got time to give us a little lift?"

"Oh, yes," replied the prisoner, "plenty of time; twenty-five years."

It didn't just happen  
but is the result of years of painstaking effort

## WHITE HOUSE Coffee



The foundation of breakfast, the corner stone of the day's work. Our double sealed square container delivers the White House Coffee to you in prime condition but the beverage quality of the Coffee depends somewhat on your skill in the making. If in doubt send for Coffee-Making Recipes.

WHITE HOUSE TEAS have the charm of the Orient and their welcome never wears out. In 1-4 and 1-2 lb. canisters, never any other way.

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Principal Coffee Roasters

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## The Stars

### Do You Know Them?

The Star Maps recently printed with explanatory text in the columns of The Youth's Companion have been published in an attractive booklet. Illustrated directions for making a Cylinder Star Map are also included. The whole forms an ingenious and reliable aid to the observation of the heavens.

The booklet has been found highly satisfactory for individual and also for school use.

The price is 10c. a copy.

SEND ORDERS TO  
The Department Editor  
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION  
Boston, Mass.



## STAMPS TO STICK

THE appearance of what philatelists call an "interim issue" of postage stamps in Palestine has surprised not only the collectors of the world but the people of Palestine too.

For some months it had been expected that the British authorities, who have a mandate over Palestine, would put into use a definitely distinctive set with special designs to displace the surcharged stamps in use since July, 1920. Instead they have sent to Palestine a new series of overprinted stamps and have deferred issuing the promised distinctive set, perhaps for two years, as a British philatelic authority announces, or perhaps only for a short time, as a Palestine correspondent of The Companion says.

It will be remembered that when British military forces occupied Palestine in 1918 stamps with the letters E. E. F. (Egyptian Expeditionary Force) as part of the inscription were issued. In 1920 the military forces withdrew, and civil authorities began to administer the affairs of the country. To mark the transition, the word Palestine was overprinted on the E. E. F. stamps; each stamp received the surcharge three times; once in Arabic, once in English and once in Hebrew.

In 1921 the same surcharge was placed in slightly altered print on eleven values of the same series. As The Companion correspondent explains, the 1921 set, printed in England, was overprinted after it reached Palestine.

The interim stamps, the correspondent says, were both made and surcharged in England. He adds: "Several new values have been issued that did not exist before. The postage rates have been increased and will be increased still further; the new stamps were issued both to suit the convenience of the public and to facilitate the work of the official at the counter. The difference in the colors of the stamps is marked and can be easily distinguished."

It is learned from British sources that the chief reason for changing the colors was to make the new issue conform to the colors approved by the Universal Postal Union. The changes are shown in the following comparative table:

Values	1921 Series	Interim Series
1 millilime	dark brown	brown
2 millilime	blue-green	pale yellow
3 "	light brown	blue-green
4 "	scarlet	pink
5 "	orange	brownish orange
6 "	(new value)	light green
7 "	"	light chocolate
8 "	"	red
10 "	"	dark blue
1 plaster	bright blue	slate gray
2 plasters	olive green	olive
5 "	plum	purple
10 "	ultramarine	cobalt blue
20 "	gray	mauve

Besides the difference in the colors there are other ways in which collectors can distinguish the 1921 stamps from those of the interim series. The earlier stamps are on paper watermarked Crown and G. R. (Georgius Rex). The new stamps are on paper with the script CA (Crown Agents) watermark. On the new stamps the label containing the word "paid" is a fraction of a millilime smaller than the label on the 1921 stamps. And on the interim stamps the white outer lines seem thicker and bolder, and the lower left-hand corners of the E's in "E. E. F." are different.

"It is believed that this new print will be the last of its kind," says the letter to The Companion, "and that it will not last long; therefore the stamps should be valuable."

THE design so long common to the stamps of Germany—Germania with sword and helmet and coat of mail—was, so far as current designs are concerned, relegated to the philatelic junk heap on November 1, 1922. On that day the German people were required by law to begin to use exclusively the types introduced in 1921—large centre numerals on the 5 to 50 pfennig values, designs symbolical of the pursuits of peace, as agriculture and mining, on the 60 pfennig to 4 mark denominations, and centre numerals of values of 5 marks and higher, with a horse and a plow, on the 20-mark stamp.

German societies devoted to the interests of the working classes had for years protested against the militaristic significance of the Germania design, but without avail during the reign of William Hohenzollern. Prize contests were held with the hope of producing artistic designs that the postal officials of the German Empire would look upon with favor, but militarism was in the seat of authority, and the workers' efforts were ignored. In view of the change that went into effect on November 1 the following words of a German authority are interesting:

"A stamp knows no national boundaries; it reaches every corner of the globe. From it foreigners are inclined to judge the artistic level of the country from which it comes. Though they

may not have seen a single painting, etching, sketch, piece of sculpture, of any particular country, they have at least seen its stamps. Hence the need to pay the utmost attention to the artistic side of postage stamps cannot be too strongly emphasized."

No other country than the United States recognizes more fully the value of the "artistic side" of stamps—a fact that has never been so clearly shown as it is in the series now appearing with the Statue of Liberty, the Yosemite, Niagara Falls, the Lincoln Memorial, the Capitol and the tomb of the Unknown Soldier as the central designs.

THE King of Spain is not reluctant to have his features portrayed on the stamps that his subjects use. The portrait of him as a baby appeared on the issue of 1889. In 1900 he was shown in the uniform of a cadet. On the stamps of 1909 his smooth-shaven countenance appears again, and the commemorative stamps of the Universal Postal Union of 1921 show him adorned with a moustache. Now, early in 1923, another new series is appearing in Spain for which Alfonso has had a special photograph taken. This time he is portrayed full face in the uniform of the Royal Escort on the 1, 2, 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 40 and 50 centimo values. On the 1, 4 and 10 peseta denominations he appears in profile as a captain general.

THE French West African territory once known as Oubangui-Chari-Tchad but better known to the public as Ubangi was some months ago divided and one part became known as Tchad. To mark the separation two series of stamps have been issued. In each instance the stamps of the French Congo, in the rearranged colors introduced to conform with increased postal rates in that colony, have been overprinted respectively Oubangui-Chari and Tchad. Before the division the stamps of the Middle Congo were used with the surcharge Oubangui-Chari-Tchad. The two new sets, it may safely be assumed, are for provisional use only and will give way in due time to a distinctive series for each division.

LATE in 1922 the annual fair was held in Bandung, Java. The Dutch East Indies postal authorities overprinted the inscription *3 c jaarboers Bandung, 1922*, on some of the values of the current stamps and sold them at a premium during the progress of the fair. It is a question whether the surcharging will provide varieties that collectors will recognize. Many postal administrations are offering flimsy excuses to provide new "stamps" in an effort to mult collectors, and it remains to be determined whether there was any real postal need for the Java overprints.

THE first definitive series of Irish stamps has begun to appear in the form of a set of the Free State that displaces British stamps that were overprinted in Gaelic to indicate the provisional government of the state. The first value of the series is the 2-pence stamp, gray-green in color, that was issued on December 6 to commemorate the signing of the constitution of the Irish Free State. The inscription includes the word *Eire*, which is the Gaelic for Ireland, an outline map of which forms the central design. Other denominations are expected to appear in March.

ACCORDING to advices from Paris by way of London, France is honoring the memory of Louis Pasteur, the great French scientist and pathologist, by placing his portrait on the new 50-centime stamp. The French people recently made public the plans for appropriate celebrations in commemoration of Pasteur's discoveries that have benefited humanity so greatly, and it was the decision of the French Cabinet that a special postage stamp should be put into use during the period of the ceremonies. Pasteur was born in 1822 and died in 1895.

SWITZERLAND continued its Christmas custom, begun in 1913, of issuing special *Pro Juventute* (for the children) stamps. The sale of them every year adds money to the fund that is used to help stamp out tuberculosis among the boys and girls of Switzerland. The 1922 issue, which was on sale only during the month of December, comprises four denominations—5 centimes, showing the blue-and-white shield of the Canton of Zoug within an orange frame decorated with fishes; 10 centimes, with the black-and-white arms of the Canton of Freiburg, within bishop's mitres and rosaries in green; 20 centimes, bearing the arms of the Canton of Lucerne, with white sailing boats on a purple background

in a symbolical border; and 40 centimes, in red and white and blue, showing the national escutcheon of Helvetia supported by figures of a mail-clad knight and his man at arms. Each stamp bears the inscription *Pro Juventute* and the date 1922. In all, twenty-four of these special stamps have appeared within ten years, all bearing designs in which the arms of some one of the Swiss cantons appear. Collectors look with favor upon them, and the money that they pay for them brings comfort and sometimes healing to Swiss children who have tuberculosis.

## GIVING THE SQUIRRELS SOMETHING TO SCOLD FOR

THE government requires annually many hundred bushels of forest-tree seeds to conduct its experiments in reforesting waste lands or burnt-over forests. It needs especially large quantities of the seeds of conifers, of which it is most difficult to obtain an ample and even supply. The "off" and "on" years of bearing of such trees vary greatly, and for economical reasons it is necessary to ascertain in advance what species will furnish good seed crops each year, and in what regions they are likely to be abundant. Information of the bearing and of conditions of the trees is collected in different parts of the national forests sometimes as much as two or three years in advance—a circumstance that is possible because many of the species of pines take from two to three years to ripen their cones.

When lumbering is proceeding at the time of seed bearing it is a comparatively simple matter to gather the cones from the felled trees, but when the trees are to remain standing it is sometimes a rather difficult task to get the cones without climbing. A great deal can be accomplished with hooks or knives attached to long poles; but the forest rangers have learned to make use of nature's own seed collectors for their purposes.

Wild mice, chipmunks and squirrels are called in to help, especially squirrels. Not only is the method convenient, but it has the further advantage of furnishing the best seeds; the squirrels apparently place in their hoards only high-grade cones. The red squirrel is the best collector; in many of the holes of that species it is possible to find from eight to ten bushels of cones of good quality. The average quantity found in a single cache is about two bushels.

Squirrels are not of an amiable disposition. Old-fashioned mothers used to threaten fractious children that they would "give them something to cry for!" It looks as if Uncle Sam were determined, on the same principle, to give our scolding friends with the fluffy tails and harsh tongues "something to scold for!" Stealing their hard-gained hoards may be good forestry, but it can hardly endear him to our Little Brothers of the Wild.

## THE GRIP OF THE STAUB-LAWINE

THE *Staub-Lawine*, or avalanche of snow dust, is one of the dangers of the Swiss mountains. A whirlwind accompanies it, says John Addington Symonds in *Our Life in the Swiss Highlands*, and, lifting the snow from a whole mountain side, drives it onward through the air to overwhelm forests, to bury men, beasts and dwellings and finally to settle into a hard, tightly packed mass.

The snow that forms these *Staub-Lawinen* is dry and finely powdered. When it comes to rest it immediately hardens into something much like ice; it wraps the objects embedded in it in a tight implacable clasp. A man or a horse caught in the storm is likely to have his breath squeezed out by the even, clinging pressure of the particles, if indeed the wind has not already blown it out of him.

A man who was once caught at the edge of the avalanche just when it was settling down to rest was carried off his feet; in a moment the snow held his legs, pinned his arms to his sides and crawled upward to his throat. There it stopped. He could breathe; but as the mass settled he felt that he could hardly expand his lungs and knew that he must soon die of suffocation. He was at the point of losing consciousness when some comrades came running to his rescue.

## MORE SNAKES

IN recent numbers of The Companion, writes a contributor, I have noticed some snake stories, which lead me to relate an experience I had when I was a boy on a farm. One morning, during the month of July, while I was plowing for wheat I had just quieted my team, which had been stung by bumblebees, when I heard a peculiar hissing among the weeds and grass. Stopping the team, I saw a garter snake perhaps two feet long with its head about two inches from the ground and its body flattened out until it was about one and a half inches across. The hissing continued all the while, and I was just going over to see what was wrong when I noticed a number of small snakes four or five inches long crawling toward the large snake. I stood still for a moment, and I saw each little snake run into the mouth of the large one and disappear. I killed the mother and also the small ones, of which there were fifteen.

A few weeks later, on reading the account of a similar experience, I realized that I had seen a sight that is very rare—a snake protecting her young from danger.





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PERRY MASON COMPANY

The Youth's Companion

Commonwealth Avenue and St. Paul Street, Boston, Mass.

### THE CHILD BORN DEAF

It is hard to say which is the greater handicap to a child, total blindness or total deafness. Fortunately, neither congenital deafness nor deafness acquired in infancy from any disease except meningitis, which destroys the nervous mechanism of sound-wave appreciation, is ever total. Though sufferers may hear no ordinary sounds at a distance of more than a few inches from the ear almost all of them can hear words spoken clearly an inch or two away.

People who have to do with the education of deaf children usually classify them according to the age at which the deafness began: those who are born deaf, in which group are included those who become deaf before acquiring speech and intelligence; those who become deaf between the ages of six and sixteen; and those who become deaf after the age of sixteen.

Children of the first class will grow up to be deaf-mutes unless taken in hand early and taught by scientific methods to articulate. Members of the family should speak to them loud and distinctly close to the ear. The whole family must be made to realize that here is an opportunity to do great good, and that, if they selfishly refuse to take the trouble to speak loud and distinctly, the child will grow up with the enormously greater handicap of inability to talk properly—and they will be responsible for his condition just as much as if they had cut out his tongue!

Those who become deaf during school age will have learned to speak, but if neglected will never learn the speech of educated adults and may even forget much that they have acquired. Those who become deaf after sixteen or seventeen are in the class of the adult deaf and must in general look to themselves to acquire new knowledge and to retain what they already possess.

Parents of a deaf child may get information to help them in teaching by writing to the Volta Bureau, 1601 35th Street, N. W., Washington, District of Columbia, which exists solely for the increase and diffusion of knowledge relating to the deaf.

### BOTH SIDES OF IT

JULIA ANDREWS sank luxuriously into a chair in Barbara Keith's big living room. "You'd think that this ought to satisfy me," she said, "but I'm insatiable. Would you mind opening all the doors clear through as far as you can go?"

Barbara asked no questions; she had known Julia ever since she was ten years old. She opened the doors into the great square parlor across the hall and into the wide, sunny dining room. "Does that suit your majesty?" she asked.

Julia drew a long breath. "It's like heaven," she said and sighed. "No one knows better than I that it's perfectly absurd," she said suddenly. "I'm a fortunate creature to have any kind of home in these days, not to mention a home in such a pretty apartment as the Beverly. Sometimes I think it wouldn't be so bad if we weren't all such big creatures, Neil and the youngsters and I. Just picture the four of us in three rooms and a sleeping porch! Of course we're lucky to get as many as that. But to bring up boys in three rooms! There are days when I feel as if I'd like to take a battering-ram and break a hole through the walls. Those are the days when for one reason or another I can't get out with the boys. Usually I meet them after school, and we are out till it is time to get dinner. We've explored literally every street in our part of town!"

"A big house is a tyrant," Barbara reminded her.

"I know; but give me a house. You'd say so too if you'd ever lived in a hole in the wall."

Perhaps fate was listening. At any rate Julia got a house for six months. It was Barbara's house; Barbara had suddenly decided to go on a trip to the West. "If you're sure you want it!" she had said. "And, even if you're sure now, don't hesitate to shut it up when you get tired of it."

"Give it up!" Julia cried joyously. "You'll have to go to law to get possession again."

Yet, incredible as it seems, in exactly two months and two days Julia took her family back to the apartment. "Not that I don't love your

big house," she wrote; "I adore it; I'll never forget the feel of it as long as I live. Not that I love my hole in the wall; I don't! But I hadn't realized how much time a big house eats up, and so when it came to a choice between giving the time to the house or to the boys the boys won. I'm dreaming now of a little house somewhere, but I'm dreaming cautiously. The two months did me such heaps of good, Babs. They made me about face in my mind. Instead of grumbling over lack of space I've decided to be grateful over the extra time I have. Are you glad? I believe the idea was at the back of your head all the time, you canny creature! All the same if I could find a little house—"

### HOUSES AND GARDENS OF POMPEII

POMPEII is to live again. At least the high purpose of Professor Spinazzola, director of the Naples Museum, is to make the city look as nearly as possible as it looked before it was destroyed. Recent excavations, says Mr. Edward Robinson, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, have given us a new idea of the ruined city and of its people.

Professor Spinazzola, who began the recent investigations, has discovered that the houses were two-story structures; previously people had supposed that they were of one story. He has shown also that there were little balconies and loggias, such as we see in many Italian towns today, that overhung and opened upon the street.

The new discoveries reveal that shutters made of slats that opened and closed like modern blinds usually shut off the shops on the street fronts; when the shutters were closed they fastened on the inner side with a long bar. In many of the shops various articles were found that had been on sale.

In the interior of many of the houses Professor Spinazzola has discovered little gardens, some of which are scarcely larger than the top of a good-sized table. From the flower designs of the frescoes on the walls he has learned the varieties of the flowers that the inhabitants of Pompeii knew and has replanted the gardens with the flowers that decorated the beds almost two thousand years ago! The resurrected Pompeii before was dead; Professor Spinazzola is making it live.

### JUST TRY TO GET HIM BACK!

THE little tailor was industriously pressing a suit of clothes when the native-born Bolshevik walked in and began to talk of the "rotten" government and social institutions of America. "This here injustice to the laborin' man has got to stop!" he cried. "We're a-headin' right straight to a revolution and, I'm glad to say, to the same kind of rule by the people as they have in Russia!"

After a while he went out. The little tailor had said nothing; nor had another man, a customer who was waiting at the back of the store for his suit to be pressed.

At last the tailor looked up with eyes that were bright and moist. "You heard what he said?" he asked.

The man nodded.

"Me," continued the little tailor, tapping his chest and speaking in a tone of fierce finality, "me, I come from Russia!"

### MARK TWAIN ON BOOKS

"I SUPPOSE," a young woman once said gushingly to Mark Twain, "that you're awfully fond of books, aren't you?"

"Well, that depends," drawled the humorist. "If a book has a leather cover it has magnificent value as a razor strop. A brief, concise work such as the French write is very useful to put under the short leg of a wobbly table. Large old-fashioned books with clasps can't be beat as missiles to hurl at dogs. A large book like a geography is nearly as good as a piece of tin to nail over a broken windowpane."

### AT LEAST THEY WEREN'T LABELED

THE ten-year-old son of William James, the psychologist, was on his way home from the zoological museum in Cambridge.

"Where have you been, dear?" said a friend, meeting him.

"Oh, I have been to the Ag-ass-iz Mu-se-um," he replied in a slow, drawing voice, "and I did see some monk-eyes there and some big bones and butterflies, but I didn't see any specimens of self-conscious personality."

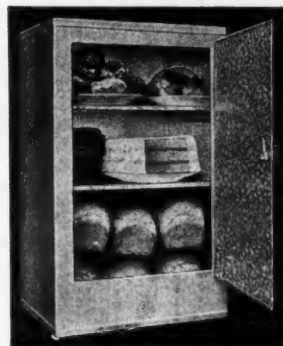
### REASSURING MAMMA

SIX-YEAR-OLD Dora, says the Argonaut, returned from school unusually early the other day. She rang the doorbell, but no one answered. She rang again, a little longer. Still there was no response. A third time she pressed the button long and hard.

Then, as no one came to the door, she flattened her nose against the windowpane and in a shrill voice that must have reached the ears of every neighbor called: "It's all right, mamma; I'm not the installment man!"

## HOME COMFORT BREAD AND CAKE CABINET

OUR aim is always to select practical and useful articles to be given as awards for securing new subscriptions: therefore in offering the Home Comfort Bread and Cake Cabinet we know our choice will be endorsed by hundreds of subscribers who will receive the cabinet in payment for their services in introducing The Youth's Companion into homes where it is not now taken.

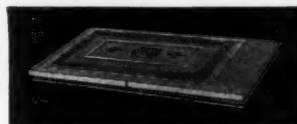


### What Actual Users Say

"Your Home Comfort Cabinets are well named. We stand it in the cellar in summer time and in the winter it is placed in the pantry. Everybody admires it, and it certainly keeps our eatables in fine condition. No spiders, flies or other vermin can get into it and it is so easy to clean. I wouldn't be without it at three times the price."

"Your cabinet is by far the best looking article in my kitchen and I am very proud of it. I am well satisfied with it in every way, and I know I will get just as much comfort out of it as I did my old one, which I had for so many years."

"I have one of your cabinets and like it very much. It was given to me as a wedding present. Kindly write me what they cost as I have two friends who would like to have one."



The Home Comfort Cabinet is collapsible and will be shipped in a flat, crated package. Shipping weight 13 lbs.

### The Home Bread and Cake Cabinet

has been manufactured for a number of years and has always appealed to the housewife, not only for its attractive appearance, but for its value in keeping the contents pure and sweet.

The cabinet offered is 20 inches high, 13½ inches wide, 11 inches deep, and made of high-grade galvanized steel with an aluminum finish, which will neither rust nor corrode.

There are two shelves which can be removed for cleaning—or the whole cabinet can be taken apart and put together again in a few minutes.



### The Home Comfort Cabinet

is strictly sanitary. There is no possibility of rust or corrosion. No rats, mice or other vermin can get into it, and it is so ventilated that there is always a circulation of air through it. Bread kept in the Home Cabinet will keep longer and better than in any other receptacle. The cabinet is valued at \$2.50.

## How to Get the Bread and Cake Cabinet

### OFFER No. 1

Send us \$1.25 with one new six months' (26 issues) subscription for The Youth's Companion with \$1.00 extra and we will send you the Home Comfort Bread and Cake Cabinet.

### OFFER No. 2

Send us \$2.50 with one new yearly (52 issues) subscription for The Youth's Companion with 65 cents extra and we will send you the Home Comfort Bread and Cake Cabinet.

The cabinet will be sent by express or parcel post, charges to be paid by the receiver. If parcel-post shipment is desired, ask your postmaster how much postage you should send for a 13-lb. package. NOTE. This cabinet is given only to a present Companion subscriber to pay him for introducing the paper into a home where it has not been taken the past year.

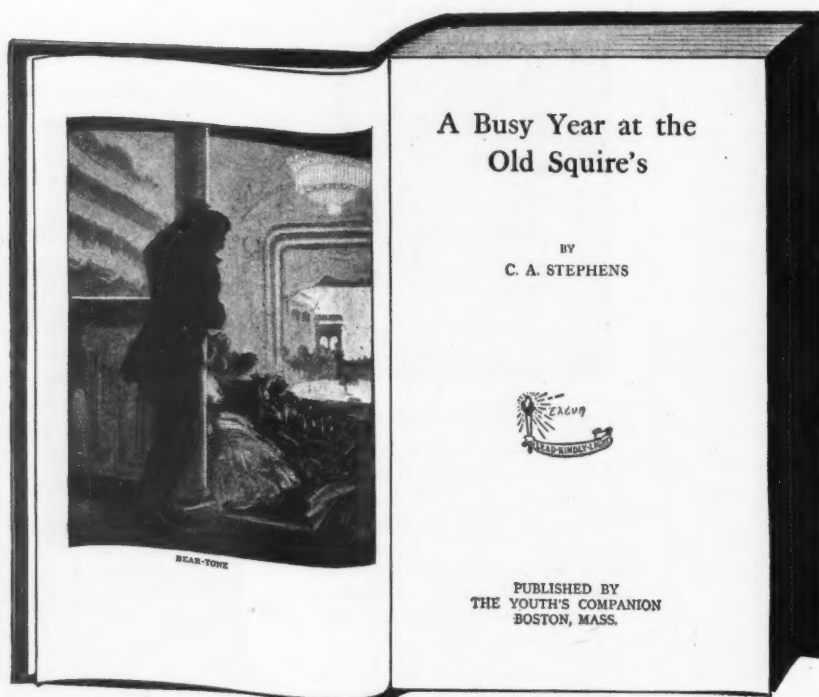
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



The Latest Volume of "Old Squire" Stories

# A Busy Year at the Old Squire's

By C. A. STEPHENS



THE book contains 313 pages in all, with six full-page illustrations, and is neatly bound in cloth. The book is published only by The Youth's Companion and cannot be obtained in any bookstore. While it is valued at \$1.75, no copies will be sold. It is reserved exclusively for Companion subscribers as explained in our offers.

FOR more than fifty years C. A. Stephens has been writing stories for The Youth's Companion. He is today not only its best-known and best-loved writer, but has probably impressed his simple and kindly personality on more readers, and is held in esteem by a wider circle of unseen friends, than any other writer for a single publication in the world. A new book from him, then, is like a visit from a guest long known and well beloved.

A Busy Year at the Old Squire's takes the reader back again to the Old Home Farm in Maine and makes him once more a member of that heterogeneous but wonderfully harmonious family circle that included the Old Squire and Grandmother Ruth, Addison, Halstead, Theodora, Ellen and the author, and makes him at the same time a member of that wider circle, a typical Maine farming community of sixty years ago. For every country-born reader of middle age the book will call up hundreds of pictures of his own youthful experiences, and to every young person, no matter where he was born, it will be like a trip to a land of homely romance and simple, wholesome outdoor life and adventure.

It is no slight service to the readers of the present younger generation to show them thus vividly what the conditions were in this country in the years just after the Civil War, and how their parents lived when life was simpler than it is now. It is also worth while to let them see what real education is, and how to get it; and to offer them both services in the form of a fascinatingly entertaining narrative is an opportunity that does not occur every day. The great woods come down very close to the old farm, and adventure constantly beckons. *Those who follow Addison and Halstead and "Doad" will not be disappointed.*

## OFFER No. 1

Send us \$1.25 for one new six months' subscription for The Youth's Companion with 40 cents extra, and we will present you with a copy of Mr. Stephens's latest book, A Busy Year at the Old Squire's, sending the book to you postpaid.

## OFFER No. 2

Send us \$2.50 for one new yearly subscription for The Youth's Companion, and we will present you with a copy of Mr. Stephens's latest book, A Busy Year at the Old Squire's, sending the book to you postpaid.

Important. The books are given only to our present subscribers to pay them for introducing the paper into a home where it has not been taken the past twelve months.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



## From Appreciative Readers

I have both of your "Old Farm" books by C. A. Stephens, and hope you will publish all his stories in book form. His stories are thoroughly typical of New England farm life and should all be preserved in permanent form.

His stories of "The Old Farm" are wonderful. They are always read first in this family.

I have had the two books, When Life Was Young and A Great Year of Our Lives, and have read and re-read them, and have lent them to others.

Whenever a new copy of The Companion arrives, everyone asks, "Is there a C. A. Stephens story?" and great rejoicing if there is.

We found just one fault with them; there was not enough of them. Please issue before long other volumes with more of the "Old Squire" Stories.

I wish, through this letter, to convey personal felicitations to Mr. C. A. Stephens of your staff of contributors, as I remember with great interest the fascinating stories of New England boy life that he depicted through the columns of The Companion.

I have been reading with renewed interest his recent sketches of life on a Maine farm back fifty or more years ago, and his facile pen has lost none of its old-time cunning.

And what fiction it has been! Fascinatingly interesting without the cheap thrill, always wholesome, cleverly conceived and couched in purest English without being stilted.

He leads his boy readers afeld to stirring and homely adventure, but never fails to restore them safely to their own firesides with the feeling that home is the best and safest place on earth.

Probably no short-story writer has wielded so good an influence over such a numerous following.

□ □

It may be news to our readers to know that Mr. Stephens writes only for The Companion. His Adventure Serials or Short Stories can be had in no other publication.

THE PUBLISHERS